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WHERE, AND WHERE NOT, TO COMPROMISE

THE old cry of Lords *v.* Commons is again heard in the land. The weighty arguments of Lord Samuel and the Archbishop have been brushed aside and Lord Salisbury's proposal to reject the Parliament Bill accepted. There will be a head-on collision in which genuine Liberals will support Labour against the Conservatives. The Tory Party rejected the Government proposal to allow the Lords a nine months' delaying power; their insistence on twelve months meant that they refused to abate their claim that the House of Lords should be in a position to control the entire last two years' work of a Labour Government. The nine months' delay represents Labour's view that the Lords should be regarded as an expert body with the useful constitutional function of proposing amendments to Bills which, in the light of the sage experience of many Peers, the House of Commons might often be prepared to accept. If that view of the House of Lords is accepted, it is clearly desirable that it should be turned into a genuine body of responsible and experienced persons unencumbered by the dead weight of hundreds of occasionally appearing backwoodsmen. This sensible proposal the Conservatives have rejected. They want to maintain the old fiction that the country is governed by a partnership of King, Lords and Commons, and to exercise a permanent party veto over Labour legislation. On this issue the Labour Party must in no circumstances compromise.

There was a danger that this straight question of principle might be confused by the Lords' rejection of the abolition of hanging. We fully appreciate and share the enthusiasm of the majority of M.P.s who believed, when they voted for the abolition of the death penalty for a trial period, that they won an irrevocable victory for a great principle, and that the House of Commons had taken a sane step which increased its prestige in a world hardened by violence into neglect of civilised thinking. Yet we are convinced that, in this issue of capital punishment, the Government is right to seek an intelligent compromise which will be generally acceptable both to Parliament and to the country.

The argument involves the whole question of the relations of Parliament and people. The fact that the majority of vocal popular opinion apparently disapproves of the abolition of hanging, and that informed opinion is sharply divided on the subject, would not in itself be decisive. On the contrary, it is the function of Parliament to represent the people's will until the people have elected new representatives at a fresh election. M.P.s owe their judgment to the electors; they are in a position to hear detailed argument and to consider expert advice which is not readily available to the ordinary citizen. Within its broad terms of reference, Parliament must lead, and not subordinate its considered judgment to press campaigns. This country is not governed by the system of referendum. If it had been, many of the vital reforms of the last century, which are now universally accepted, would never have reached the Statute Book. This applies particularly to every effort that has been made to change our ancient and savage penal code. The press has always played upon the emotional satisfaction of the masses in crimes of violence and the retribution that follows them. In each case, when the change has been made, the prophets of disaster have been falsified. We have no doubt it will be so in this case, and it is the common experience of those who have studied the effects of the death penalty, both here and abroad, that when they have explained the evidence and the reasons for abolition, even to a hostile audience, opposition has largely vanished. But the process of mass education is slow and laborious, and it is clear that a further campaign is necessary before public opinion welcomes the complete abolition of the death penalty.

In short, the case for compromise on the death penalty is political, not constitutional. The Lords would no doubt much prefer to fight their battle with the Government on capital punishment rather than on the complex and emotionally unexciting Steel Bill. The Government would have a weak case to defend, since it is known that the public is not on the whole on their side and that its own members are divided. Nor could they argue that, in retaining capital punishment, the Lords are ignorantly or contumaciously frustrating the people's will. The abolition of hanging is not an explicit part of the Government's mandate, and it could not be represented to the country as a vital matter of Labour principle on which no concession is possible.

Having considered the various compromises that have been suggested, the Government apparently proposes to define degrees of murder. There are serious difficulties in this solution; for, as Lord Cecil has pointed out in a powerful letter to *The Times*, the motive and circumstances of murder are too complex to enable them to be satisfactorily marshalled into categories. Another suggestion is that the Home Secretary should gradually extend the use of the Royal Prerogative of mercy until capital punishment becomes obsolete. This is an ill-considered suggestion; it would throw a wholly unfair and improper responsibility on the Home Secretary. We prefer Lord Cecil's proposal that, in cases where the jury recommends mercy, the death sentence should not be passed. This would increase, but not unduly, the jury's responsibility, and would get rid of the cruel and degrading farce in which the judge puts on the black cap and solemnly pronounces a terrible sentence which he knows will not be carried into effect. The Home Secretary's right to award a reprieve would be unimpaired.

Some will feel bitterly disappointed that hanging should be retained, even for the worst crimes. They may comfort themselves by the knowledge that, whatever solution is chosen, very few and only the worst murderers will from now onwards be executed, and that an important advance has been made towards total abolition.

Tabering Off Aid

The cuts made by Mr. Taber in the appropriations for E.R.P. may be restored by the efforts of Mr. Marshall and Senator Vandenberg, but they represent a concession to a very considerable body of American opinion which wants to see public economy leading to tax cuts. There is a

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distinct possibility that there will be more Taberism amongst Republicans once the Convention is over, and far more in Congress once the election is over. There is also the sobering thought that, if Vandenberg were in the White House, Senator Wiley—a leading Mid-western isolationist—would be chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. Such considerations have not been lost on the Committee for European Economic Co-operation in Paris. Their estimates of expenditure for the first six months of E.R.P. show that the amounts of aid are insufficient to do the job of recovery according to the 16-nation plan of last September. With confidence in the future of American help badly shaken, a battle is developing between those who wish to abandon plans for co-operation, and merely shore up their national finances as far as possible while dollar-aid lasts, and those who hope to win American approval by long-term plans which will seem a worthwhile investment for dollars. This week's decision to draw up a four-year plan is a victory in round one for the optimists (who are classified by temperament rather than nationality), but there is no assurance that the plan which emerges will be more than a piece of paper propaganda, unless confidence is restored.

The Unbridged Gap

Restoration by the Senate of the E.R.P. cut voted by the House will not of itself solve the balance of payments problem with which Britain is still faced. Sir Stafford Cripps's survey of the visible trade deficit in the first four months of 1948 indicates that the "gap" of £250 millions which the *Economic Survey* projected is likely to be greatly exceeded—as a result, largely, of a serious worsening in the terms of trade. Despite last autumn's cuts in the import programme, imports in the January–April period were running at an annual rate of £1,820 millions, or £236 millions above the *Survey's* estimate. Exports, it is true, have so far done even better than expected; but, even so, the visible deficit in sight for the year is £320 millions, and (when "invisible" outgoings are allowed for) there may well be a total adverse balance of over £400 millions. So far as our payments balance with the Western Hemisphere is concerned, the deficit to be covered—thanks to the drastic reductions already made in dollar expenditure—should not exceed the £300 millions which we may reasonably expect to get out of the first year's instalment of E.R.P.; but the adverse balance with the rest of the world is growing ominously, and there is no clear evidence yet that import prices are likely to fall.

Civil Liberty in the U.S.

The American Pure Food law, which requires manufactured foods to describe their exact contents on the label, has proved so successful that an attempt is being made to apply its principles in the field of politics. The Mundt-Nixon Bill provides that all organisations which contain any admixture of Communist persons or principles shall clearly state so on their literature and on the outside of any envelopes they use. At the same time, avowed Communists, who have for some time been denied Government employment, may find all their income tax deductions looked at with an eagle eye to see whether any items are being used for "front activities" and so become undeductable. The Mundt Bill seems to have considerable popular support, in spite of the strong case made against it by Henry Wallace, Paul Robeson, and some leading Liberals, because American public opinion is really frightened of the Communist menace. The preamble to the Mundt Bill therefore gives an account of the world-wide Communist conspiracy in terms a trifle reminiscent of the Protocols of Zion. Many Americans recognise that the greatest danger of Communism at home lies in their "under-privileged" groups, especially the Negroes and slum-dwellers of the Northern cities. Mr. Truman has therefore gained some support by saying recently that the best preventative of Communism is social legislation and raising the standard of living of the very poor. Even Mr. Dewey has observed that "you can't shoot an idea with a law," and deprecated the actual outlawing of the Communist Party. But Congress, in its present mood, is likely to demand bold, obvious legislation against the Red peril, and the Mundt Bill is likely to be passed. The future of American civil liberties depends to some extent on how it will then be administered, but that will fall to the next President, who is unlikely to be Mr. Truman.

Savings, Living Costs and Wages

Some Tory newspapers have been making a disingenuous attempt to argue that the poor showing made recently by National Savings is a reflection of mistrust in the security of investment caused by Sir Stafford Cripps's "once-for-all" levy. In fact, the levy is a matter of complete indifference to practically all those who normally purchase Savings Certificates or have deposits in Savings Banks. The disclosure that during May new savings have been exceeded by encashments at the rate of nearly a million a week points, not to the alarm of rentiers at threats to the safety of capital, but to the degree in which the rising cost of living has outrun the effective purchasing power of weekly wages and lower middle-class incomes. People are being compelled to "disinvest," not for a spending spree but simply in order to make ends meet on the standard of life to which they are habituated. This is not to say that there may not have to be a general downward reduction in British standards of living: that depends, first and foremost, on our ability to secure in return for exports the imported foodstuffs and raw materials which we require. Unless, however, the upward movement of living costs is arrested, maintenance of the "peg" which the Government desires to impose on wages is going to become more and more difficult. This week the engineering employers have rejected the engineering unions' claim to an increase of 13s. a week in minimum wages, so as to bring them up to £5 15s. a week for skilled, and £5 a week for unskilled men. This answer is unlikely to satisfy the unions; for, since April, 1946, when their current wage rates were fixed, the cost of living has certainly risen by well over 10 per cent. Since June, 1947, the revised official index has gone up by 8 per cent., and in the preceding 15 months, during which the obsolete and now discarded index based on 1914 purchasing habits afforded no accurate measurement of the movement of retail prices entering into the cost of living, the calculation of the Oxford Institute of Statistics suggests that living costs rose by at least 5 per cent., and perhaps more.

The Steel Bill

We are glad to note that Mr. A. V. Alexander has now stated categorically that a measure to nationalise the steel industry will definitely be introduced during the life of this Parliament. If any of our readers, misled by current figures of relatively high steel output which the opponents of public control adduce as evidence that all is well with private enterprise, feel doubt as to the necessity of nationalisation, we commend to their study *Why Nationalise Steel?*, a NEW STATESMAN pamphlet by Prof. G. D. H. Cole, published this week. Mr. Cole does not underrate the strength of the resistance which will be evoked—in a degree quite different from the perfunctory opposition to the nationalisation of coal, transport and electricity—by the pending attack on this key position in capitalist control of the national economy; but we believe that the pamphlet, which starts from a close and informative analysis of the steel industry and marshals all the data relevant to the problem, proves convincingly that the nationalisation of steel is an essential preliminary to Labour's programme for the Parliament to be elected in 1950.

PARLIAMENT: Unpopular Duties

Wednesday

WITH public opinion on their side in the matter of hanging, the Tory Peers thought it timely to throw out the Parliament Bill. In these constitutional fights it is contrary to their practice to hit the Government unless it's down. But on this occasion, the fears of the iron and steel masters about nationalisation, and the sight of the Home Secretary on one knee amid his legal tangles, all urged them to go in for the kill, even before their intended victim was in the proper position.

They soon ran into trouble. The Liberals defected and their spokesman, Lord Samuel, showed that the Bill, unamended after a straight-forward refusal by the Lords, would be far more harmful to the Opposition than the Bill, suitably qualified. He didn't want a small difference of three months between the Lords' and the Commons' view of the permitted suspensory period to stand in the way of agreement. The Tories, led by Lord Salisbury, regarded this three months as the essence of the conflict, since to yield on that point would mean allowing the Government to pass an Iron and Steel Act. While this was a major motive of their passion, they somehow contrived to accuse Lord Samuel of political opportunism. The Lords now claim to defend the will of the people against the arbitrary rule of the Government and Paget, who, for his views on capital punishment, has lately become in the Upper Chamber a much-quoted figure and a horrible example. Many of the Tory speeches were challenging and truculent. It became clear, during the debate, that the Tory Peers intended to ignore Morrison's warning to stop shaking their fist in his fist.

While this was going on, the Commons continued its day and night study of the Finance Bill. If there is anything more distressing than an audience that falls asleep on a speaker, it's a speaker who falls asleep on his audience. During the all-night sitting, the House endured both speaking sleepers and sleeping speakers. Slowly the Clauses and Amendments uncoiled themselves; and as they did so, the susurration on the Benches became more persistent, and the somnolence of the orators more widespread. At five past three on Tuesday morning Carmichael wanted to remove the tax from alarm clocks. The Amendment was appropriate, and the Chancellor agreed.

Under Cripps' captaincy, the Treasury Ministers—Glenvil Hall, Jay and Marquand—played like a team. Glenvil Hall, the most experienced and disarming, turned his brief from Clause to Clause with a versatility not always matched by his detailed knowledge. And understandably, since in every subject that he touched, the experts of the constituency interests or the Trade Associations had told the Members all about it. Hall had to keep on batting, even when, as in the case of the tax on petrol for tractors, he had been conspicuously stumped.

For the rest, the discussion drooled along with detailed appeals to the Chancellor for the removal of purchase tax on almost everything. Hudson made perhaps the most original of requests. He asked for exemption of tax for rat-cages on behalf of his constituents.

The night's most hard-working back-bencher was Williams, of Torquay, once a Speaker-designate of the Tory Party. Perhaps the thought that at some future date he may yet be called to the silence of that high office, induces him to pack into this Parliament the remainder of a lifetime's speeches. On this occasion, he spoke more often and to less effect than any other Member, so that his repetitive interventions, half-playfully received to begin with, were finally welcomed with groans. Even when on one occasion he offered to vote with the Government he was greeted with Government cries of "No!"

By contrast, many Labour Members regretted that Darling did not speak more often. Among the jumble of half-finished sentences, incomplete ideas and misquotations which are part of an impromptu debate, Darling—a business man in private life—is remarkable for periods that conform with sense and quotations that illustrate argument. He carefully explained to the protesting Williams why plastic materials can be used as dishcloths for washing up, and left the House with the familiar feeling that even his invoices must be a pleasure to read. MAURICE EDELMAN

THE PLAN FOR GERMANY

WHETHER it is ratified or not by the French Assembly, the Six Power Agreement on Germany discloses, by the very finesse of its compromises, the conflicts which divide the democracies. It had to reconcile a British desire to see a central government strong enough to tackle the economic chaos with the French and American preference for federalisation. It had also to resolve conflict between American insistence on a Germany which can pay its way and the French demands for military security and for an assurance that their supplies of Ruhr coal would be continued.

It would have been difficult enough if the Conference had only been confronted by conflicts of national interest. Its real problem was the contradictions in the purposes of all participants. No one denies that military government has almost ceased to function and that Germany can no longer be governed from outside. Yet even the most partisan American advocate of self-government realises that Western Europe will not to-day tolerate the creation of a sovereign German state. But the contradiction goes deeper than that. There is no escape from the necessity of including Western Germany in any constructive scheme under E.R.P.; and, if in time there is a Western Union, it will have to include a Western Germany which is not a chaotic vacuum in which Nazis are again seeking power. Yet the accomplishment of this purpose would involve politically the partition of Germany in a way that could not easily be revoked. The dangers of a Western German State, developing the resources of the Ruhr without restraint, is clear to everyone; in particular, it would be a threat to the Soviet Union so serious that it might be regarded by the Kremlin as a *casus belli*. This was the issue which nearly caused a breakdown of the Conference and provoked the French into demanding, vainly, a military guarantee if the American plan were adopted. France was back at the old dilemma. German self-government and reconstruction can either be pushed forward as part of a plan for creating a military Atlantic bloc, specifically designed to "contain" Communism, or else it can be regarded as the beginnings in Western Germany of a development designed ultimately to achieve German unity on the basis of a Big Four settlement.

In the course of the lengthy negotiations it became clear that the British and Americans had to choose between two evils. If they were thinking solely in terms of preventing the economic and political collapse of Bizonia they would have to break off discussions with the French and go ahead, despite their protests. This might be sufficient to break Western Union altogether. If, on the other hand, they wanted to secure French agreement, they would have to make concessions serious enough to endanger the already slender chances of German recovery. The Americans were inclined to the first course: Mr. Bevin to the second. Mr. Bevin's view, backed by the embarrassing French demand for an American guarantee, has, on balance, prevailed. Some concessions have been granted. Nevertheless, on the crucial issue of the Ruhr, France and the Benelux Union will be in a permanent minority in the proposed Control Authority.

On paper at least, one effect of the plan is to preserve the possibility of an agreement with the Russians on the ultimate unification of all Germany. This has always been an advantage of the French and American plan for a federal constitution. By putting the selection or election of the delegates to the constituent assembly in the hands of the *Landtage* and by making the central government the organ of a confederation, the plan leaves room for the adhesion at a later date of the Laender in the East if, at some future date, the U.S.S.R. should decide to agree to a unified Germany on any other than purely Communist terms. To-day the proposition sounds academic, because the U.S.S.R regards its own way of rebuilding Eastern Union as legitimate, and the West's way as warmongering.

The main defect of the plan from the German point of view is that the existing almost unworkable governmental structure will continue until at least next January, with the additional complication of an International Control over the Ruhr. Whereas the latter is to be put into operation immediately, the Constituent Assembly, to be summoned next September, will not, as was expected, act as a provisional *Reichstag*, but confine itself exclusively to drafting a constitution. This will be no bad thing—on one proviso: that the occupying Powers use these months to push through the currency reform, the capital levy, the land reform and the other social changes which are necessary if German democracy is to have any chance of combating the powerful forces of neo-Fascism and Communism. But will they use their opportunity? Apparently, the central issue, the socialisation of the Ruhr, has been shelved on the excuse that it had best be left to the Germans. But when almost everything else is being done without their consent, and the allocation of Ruhr products is being entrusted to an International Control, on which they will not be represented, this is mere hypocrisy. If the Americans objected to socialisation, it should not have been impossible for Mr. Bevin to persuade France and Benelux to support it, in return for British adherence to their views on security.

The second criticism which Germans can legitimately make is that the problem of German sovereignty is once again shirked. In the long run, we cannot hope to subject German industry to an international control which is not applied to other members of Western Union. The only ultimate solution of the German problem is to make Germany an equal member of a European union whose foreign policy and defence rest in the hands of a central authority. If the agreement had merely hinted at such an ultimate solution, it would have been infinitely more palatable in Germany. Moreover, in its present form it does not provide the security which the French seek. They fear that the Powers will quarrel, the Ruhr control will break up, and the occupying armies will be withdrawn. Unless by that time we have all sacrificed part of our own national sovereignty, Germany will regain hers.

But these are long-term considerations. What matters immediately is our short-term policy in Germany; and this depends in the last resort on the staff of the Control Commission. If the obvious defects of the agreement, from the German point of view, are to be mitigated, the first task of the governments will be a recasting of the functions of the Commission and a ruthless pruning of its personnel. In Germany personal leadership is all-important. To mark a new stage in our approach to the Germans, it is comic glibly to announce, as General Robertson did last week, that we now regard the Germans as a Christian and civilised people. What is needed in the crucial months before the German Government takes over is a new broom; and this can only be provided by the appointment of civilian High Commissioners in the place of the three military governors. Here is a task for which men of the highest calibre are obviously needed. If these changes in the Control Commission are not effected, the first German Parliament will be dominated, not by democrats but by neo-Fascists of the type thrown up in the recent municipal elections in Bavaria.

In the second place, the six Powers must be forewarned and forearmed against the Russian reaction. Mr. Molotov is unlikely to view the plan as a step towards the unification of Germany. It has got to work—and work successfully—before there is a hope of his doing that. During the months of transition, when the Germans are still in doubt and the conflicts of the Western Powers are still intense, he will try to wreck it by every means in his power. We may even have to face a Russian-controlled German Government in Berlin: we shall probably be confronted by renewed Russian efforts to extrude us from the capital. By cutting off supplies for the Berliners, for instance, the Russians could easily make their starvation seem to be due to the Western determination to partition Germany. What measures will be taken to meet this danger? It would be fatal to be caught unawares. Having thrown over Potsdam and gone into competition with the Russians for control of Germany, we have got to see it through; and this will demand a unity and foresight which have not so far been displayed by the Western Powers.

LABOUR AND THE MIDDLE CLASSES

IN 1945 the Labour Party went to the polls, not as a working-class party, sprinkled with a few middle-class members, but as a national party. "Let Us Face the Future," while including the traditional economic and social policy of Labour, was a distillation of sympathies and theories which, during the war years, had made a wide and novel appeal to classes far beyond the Party's former area of interest among manual workers. Dislike of Fascism and of those who had played with it before the war diverted many from the Tory Party. But there were other more positive reasons why a large number of thoughtful middle-class people turned towards the Labour Party. During the war the conception of planning had stirred the minds of all, whether in the Forces or in industry. Every speech by Montgomery, every speech by even the Tories in the Cabinet, confirmed public opinion in the idea that a great national effort required planning. By 1944, the discussion on the need for planning in order to rebuild and re-site industry, to create new towns and demolish slums and to extend social services, was widespread. The middle classes, nodding their heads over their wireless sets, reading their Penguins or looking at *Picture Post*, were on the side of the planners. "Like a military operation" became a politician's phrase to illustrate the virtues of the Plan.

Meanwhile, Herbert Morrison had established, in a series of speeches shortly before the war ended, the importance of the technician and the manager in a planned society. Cripps, travelling the country as Minister of Aircraft Production, had already impressed managements with the importance of their part in war. Morrison showed them new horizons in peace, under a Socialist Government. Many voted Labour.

To assess exactly what part of its victory Labour owed in 1945 to the middle-class vote is impossible. One can only guess from the pre-election canvassing returns and the results in predominantly middle-class constituencies. But there is a prima facie case—such is the structure and distribution of the constituencies—for believing that the middle-class vote meant the difference between a substantial majority and a small minority for the Labour Party. Though some hold the view in the Party to-day that Labour can win in 1950 by obtaining the solid vote of the town and rural workers, since numerically the working class is a majority of the voters, it is by no means certain that Labour can make as effective an appeal to the most depressed part of the working class as it can to the middle classes. In the slums of West Hartlepool, of Grangetown in Cardiff and of Hillfields in Coventry, the vote is Tory. To the proletarian of the Tory tenements, the crumbs from rich tables are more real than the abstractions about progress, social services and planning of the respectable Trade Unionist in the next street. Labour's appeal to reason and to altruism falls best on the instructed mind.

But it would be idle to suggest that the middle classes have, since 1945, been as well informed by the Labour Party of their gains as the Tories have informed them of their grievances. The

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reason is, perhaps, that the Conservative press has enlarged on the difficulties of the middle class, while the Labour Government has not sufficiently emphasised that there is no such thing as the middle class; that there are only middle classes; and that, while, as part of its programme, it has benefited and encouraged those of the middle classes which are apt and willing to be economically useful, it has had to limit the *laissez-faire* activities of other middle classes.

A class is an aggregate of people with a joint social and economic interest. By that definition —though they may claim to belong to the middle class—what has the shopkeeper in common with the industrial chemist, the retired Civil Servant with the floor-walker, the school-teacher with the bookie, the managing director with the G.P., or the motor salesman with the income-tax collector? Their only claim to be members of the same class lies negatively in the fact that they belong neither to the working class nor to the class of independent wealth. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer gives income-tax relief on earned income, it benefits the hard-working chemist, the school-teacher and the floor-walker. But it leaves the shopkeeper cold; he is most anxious to have purchase-tax abolished. The Labour Government has brought substantial fiscal benefits to those earning between £500 and £2,000 a year. Yet still the cry of the middle class rises from the leader pages of the Conservative press, and by sympathetic imitation is repeated even by those middle classes who have received direct advantages from the Labour Government.

Labour's present task must be to clarify its attitude to the middle classes, and to repudiate the idea that there is some collective middle class. Morrison has spoken of Labour's concern for the "useful" people. Among the middle class the description "useful" applies from the white-collar clerk to the working director; it includes Civil Servants, teachers, working shopkeepers, technicians, managers, doctors, journalists and farmers; it covers not only those who are working, but also those, now receiving pensions, who have worked. The useful middle classes are an integral part of the Movement.

But there are others among the middle classes whose prosperity and advancement is tied up with a *laissez-faire* economy. Every measure of a planned economy is to them a poisoned draught. Often they owe their careers, started in the working class or the lower middle class, to the competitive nature of business, which has given their commercial aptitude opportunity, and their aggressiveness scope. They include company secretaries, commercial travellers, sales managers and small business men. (Although the number of bankruptcies has never been as low as under Labour's controlled economy, many businessmen would rather go bankrupt than be controlled. This might appear a virtue of independence, were it not that they go bankrupt with other people's money.) These, then, are the irreconcilables among the middle classes. Labour's victory is, by definition, their defeat. And it is they and their wives principally who have spread the unfounded charge that the Labour Movement is opposed to the interests of the middle classes.

But the Labour Party deserves reproach for not having defined more emphatically its concern for the useful middle classes. At one time the social ambition of most workers was to rise into the property-owning middle classes; to-day their ambition is more often to become technicians. The shopkeeper is no longer the worker's ideal of the successful man. To-day new problems requiring different merits face the country. The mercantile age is almost past; the technical age has arrived. It is the technician, the scientist, the engineer, the manager, who will promote the nation's prosperity. The Labour Movement (and this means the T.U.C. as well) must, therefore, devote itself to enhancing the prestige and rewards of this middle class; and to helping the manual worker to enter it. The trade unions have been unduly humble, if not neglectful, in not trying to develop schemes of technical training, either under their auspices or with their participation. They still cling to the old divisions between the manual and the administrative workers; and when one of their number is translated intact to a National Board, they regard it either as a present for a good boy, or a recognition of their union's importance. But if nationalised industry is really to integrate the working class in itself, there must be a steady passage of manual workers into its technical and administrative ranks. Let the Labour Government and the trade unions pay tribute to the status of management, and at the same time give facilities for workers, after study and experience, to enter it; that is the surest way to link the technical middle classes with the Labour Party.

In the U.S.A., the executive frowns at the reader from as many advertisements as the film star glitters her teeth. In a mechanised society like America's, the man who makes the machine move is a highly respected figure, the object of imitation, the symbol of success. He is the aristocrat of a high horse-power world. In Britain, with the decline of the feudal aristocratic function, no social type has evolved to act in its place, or even to be a substitute for the successful business-man. The managerial society has come upon us, and its conduct may take two forms. Either it may be led by a bureaucracy, in which case, the Corporate State will be its political form; or it may draw its managers from the best, the most energetic and the most enterprising of those who work. In that way, it will form part of a Socialist and democratic State, continually renewing itself with the talents and energies of the people. To lead the way to that kind of society should be Labour's project for 1950.

But its call to the useful middle classes must go out now.

MAURICE EDELMAN

LITTLE MAN ON A BIG TRAIN

As this is written, President Truman's 16-car special train is crossing the Mid-west and the printer must forgive me if I miss some of the typewriter keys as we round the curves. This is a huge, luxury train built on the generous scale of a nation that is itself the size of Europe. In the rear car, where he can wave from the open platform, or address "a few words" to crowds gathered at railway stations over the three loudspeakers lashed overhead, is the President. His car is a specially built affair, though it looks no different from others; it is heavily armoured, and all glass windows are three-inch-thick and bullet-proof. Winston Churchill rode on it with Roosevelt from Hyde Park in 1942. It has five bedrooms, a kitchen, a lounge and a dining-room that holds ten comfortably. It has a radio telephone. With its armour plating it weighs 140 tons.

Back here where I am are the newsmen. All told, there are 65 of us along on this trip, for its political importance is recognised. We are assigned two to a compartment. These are all-metal cubicles, air-conditioned, with upper and lower berths, lavatory and hot and cold running water. When the prairie temperature outside is 92, as it is now, air blowing on ice carried in containers under the car keeps the inside fairly cool. Camera, motion picture and television men fill the train, all with secretaries and the inevitable Secret Service.

We make a typical stop. The train slows, clusters of people appear, there are farms, water tanks, freight-cars and then the centre of the community, ugly, rectangular brick buildings, parked cars and Main Street. Here is something few Europeans have seen. The waiting crowd is shirt-sleeved, cheerful, expectant. The High School band plays "Hail to the Chief," always with too many trombones. The people give a little cheer as spectacled Truman appears on the rear platform. This is an American folk custom. They press up to see their President. It is a cordial, neighbourly meeting. The prairie heat beats down. Mothers hold up babies. These are the people, the voters, who have the key to the 1948 election. In a minute the train is off again.

Truman is making a valiant fight against wh seem to be insuperable odds. He is handicapp by all sorts of things—including, it must b acknowledged, his own limitations. There is ju the off-chance that he may pull the trick, howeve and it is this that has brought the crowd o reporters along. Roosevelt usually travelled wit 12 cars; Truman's retinue is a third larger. H is basing his speeches on the reactionary two-ye record of the Republican Congress. In effect h is taking his case to the people. Along with a ne four-year President, a two-year Congress is bein elected. The Republicans will nominate the candidate at the Convention starting on June 2 The Democrats, who will almost certainl nominate Truman, meet in July.

The most obvious handicap of the Democra is that their party is split. Henry Wallace ha formed a third party and his support will com largely from Democrats, plus a good man pacifist, isolationist Republicans. How man votes he will get is anybody's guess. I have known him for years and can testify to his sincere idealistic, not to say Utopian viewpoint. A heart he is something of a mystic. With considerable force he has denounced anti-Communi hysteria. The great mass of organised labour ha repudiated his campaign. Like Moscow, he attacked the Marshall Plan, and the mos vociferous supporters of his party in many communities are fellow-travellers and extreme Left-wingers. Rightly or wrongly, there is a feelin that he is the unwitting tool of Russia, and thi unquestionably is the greatest barrier to progressive support.

Even without the Wallace defection there i doubt whether the Democrats would have mor than a fighting chance this year. They have bee in power 16 years, and there are accumulated dissatisfactions. Roosevelt took the nation a tremendous way forward in social legislation; now an almost inevitable reaction is under way. It has found expression in this 80th Congress against which Truman is levelling his shafts.

Another element must be considered. Americ has behind it a century and a half's tradition o isolationism. It was cracked by World War I seemed definitely broken by World War II. Bu I have never been certain it would not return i weakened form. Some European attacks o American "intervention" have seemed ironic isolationism has been a greater danger than imperialism. Here in the Mid-west, Europe seems far, far away. Even Washington is 1,50 miles off. There are newspapers which, if they did not dislike Russia half so much, would dislik Europe more. America is enjoying a boom accompanied by scarcities and rising prices which are obviously enhanced by the big European Aid programme. It was hostility to Russia which finally tipped the balance for the Marshall Plan and her continual pricks and irritations have kept a reluctant Congress aroused. For three years Washington has been doing the right things fo the wrong reasons. But now Stalin talks "peace," the question of implementing the Marshall Plan with the full amount of Congressional funds is in question, while a limited extension of the Hull Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act practically serves notice that next year, if Republicans win, there will be a reconsideration of the whole tariff policy. There is no mistaking these ominous signs of latent isolationism. Fortunately some of the biggest industrial and financial interests in the country have a vastly enlarged stake in exports and recognise the significance of America's new creditor position. So far as the tariff is concerned, when the struggle finally comes in Congress it may be titanic.

Into such controversies Harry Truman is throwing himself on this rumbling trip. It is hard not to feel that in most issues he is saying the right things. He wants the full Marshall Plan funds. He assails the hysteria of the Mundt Bill proposing the registration of all Communists. He has nailed the "New Deal" programme of social legislation to the mast. The record of Congress on such issues as housing, education, social security, monopolies and the like is really very

bad, and Mr. Truman has seized it as his target. It is a nation-wide speaking tour even before the regular political campaign starts. The speeches that he or others have written make a coherent progressive programme on which Mr. Roosevelt himself might have run. The only thing that is lacking is, alas, Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Truman, the ex-haberdasher from Missouri, is an earnest, likeable, human figure. But it is hard not to feel that he is a little man sitting in a very big chair. The President has no oratorial arts. I watched him going through a set speech in the huge Chicago Stadium before 15,000 people, with the spotlights, a dramatic entrance and a great band providing the proper setting. There he stood, an average-size, well-meaning, agreeable man, reading his address through thick lenses, rarely looking at his vast audience and with nary a gesture. No passion here; one is forced to feel that imagination must be lacking in a man who so misses the feeling of the great moment, the crowd, the fine ringing words that are before him.

Gist of the speech was that America should smother Communism by making this a better land to live in, by spreading economic advantages to all the people, by controlling the boom-bust cycle and so on, rather than by restrictive legislation. Mr. Truman did not actually botch the address, but it was like listening to a well-intentioned church organist playing Chopin. The crowd gave him a cordial enough greeting, but that was about all.

The public has hardly seen Mr. Truman since he became President by the accident of death three years ago. This is his first extended trip. The crowd of correspondents, including one Englishman, Arthur Webb, of the London *Daily Herald*, watch every reaction with deepest interest. They believe they can tell something of Mr. Truman's popularity by his present reception. It is curious to see people viewing a well-known figure at close hand for the first time. First there is a shock that he is so like his picture, then that he is so unlike. Truman in the flesh is more attractive than his photographs make him. It is hard to be antagonistic to him. That is his great weakness — he has few real enemies. His antagonist is as much apathy as a Republican rival.

The greetings have been friendly rather than enthusiastic. Few people would throw their hats in the air for Truman. "It ain't much like Roosevelt," I heard one working-man say to another at one of the stops. "No," said the other, with an element of finality, "it ain't."

And yet one cannot but feel admiration for the President (whom perhaps we under-estimate) as he makes a dogged uphill political fight against many obstacles. Great stakes are involved here. Most observers have given up his battle for him well in advance. He hasn't. RICHARD STROUT

On board the Presidential Train.
June 5.

CURTAIN DIARY

ONE of the few rumours I believed in Prague was that Dr. Benes would resign before the date on which he would be compelled as President to sign the new constitution. No one doubts that he was unhappy about the *coup d'état* of February; or that he was anxious about the trend of events leading to, and beyond, the farcical elections. Conscientious journalists have been trying to find out how bad his health is; he is certainly a very sick man, but I do not believe the rumours that he is suffering from creeping paralysis. He is still entirely in his right mind, and his occasional difficulty in walking seems to be due to his old ear trouble which affects his sense of balance. That he feels unable to preside over a Communist Government which is anxious for him to be out of the way is obvious enough. He is a sad man; with President Masaryk he created the new Czechoslovakia, suffered the miseries of Munich and saw his country occupied. An exile during the German occupation, he once more worked for the liberation of his country, and hoped to return to Prague from the West. That he actually came back via Moscow was something more than a symbol. He still hoped to maintain the balance between East and West. He shares his country's view that Germany is the real enemy and, like Jan Masaryk, puts in the first place the friendship and support of Russia. At the same time he meant to preserve Czechoslovakia's civil liberty and democratic form of government. Having failed in this reconciliation, I am sure that he is ready to depart.

* * *

I have heard various names discussed as possible successors to President Benes. Mr. Fierlinger, who led the Left Social Democrats into fusion with the Communists, is not popular and may be regarded as out of the running. Mr. Nejedly is another possibility: at the age of seventy-six he is still a University professor and a Communist of an old-fashioned type. His appointment would mean that Mr. Gottwald, the present Prime Minister, who has the reputation of being more tolerant and moderate than some of his colleagues, would remain at the head of the Government. It is more likely, I think, that Mr. Gottwald will become President, leaving the post of Premier for one of the "strong men" of the Party. The present Vice-Premier and Trade Union leader Mr. Zapotocky would then be the most likely Prime Minister. Popular expectation would then be that the Government's policy would follow a more ruthless and uncompromising course.

* * *

In the West I had heard few doubts that Masaryk's death was suicide. In Prague this is not the most common view, and I hear that one of the Czech M.P.s who came over here has talked about producing evidence to prove that it was murder. I know about some of the evidence on which this report is based. There are several odd facts, curious phrases in communiqués, difficulties in finding or getting statements from the doctor and from others who were immediately on the scene after his body was found. But I am satisfied that these suspicions, natural in the circumstances, are unfounded. Masaryk was in acute pain, not able to sleep; he was shortly going for a rest cure. He had serious private difficulties which the public knows nothing of; he was acutely worried about the political *coup* which he had assisted and miserable about having to sign dismissals of old colleagues in the Foreign Office. Mental trouble was recurrent in his family; he often spoke of his fear that his mind, too, might become unhinged. But I was only convinced when I talked to personal friends of his to whom he had in effect said good-bye a few days before and who knew of the arrangements he had made for winding up his personal affairs.

* * *

From Prague I went to Budapest, which I first visited in 1935, when it presented the last perfect example of decaying feudalism. I recall the beauty of the city and the gaiety and extravagance of an aristocracy which lived, I believe, mainly on its debts to money-lenders. I remember a royal presentation to Admiral Horthy and a gorgeous party, with prelates in scarlet and purple, and halberdiers in leopard-skins. The luxurious entertainment made a staggering contrast with the vast colony of starving unemployed living in what looked like hen-houses outside the city, and with the medieval conditions of the villages where peasants were still paid in sacks of grain. To-day all this has gone like froth, though a few bathing belles still lie in the sun by the blue swimming-pool, with its artificial waves, at the Hotel Gellert. The old part of the city on the hill was destroyed and the centre of Buda is badly knocked about. There is an immense energy of reconstruction; one sees it in a dynamic personality like Revai; or in Gero, devoted, ascetic and intense, the very model of what a Communist organiser should be, living in two rooms and working in his office from seven in the morning until eight at night. Gero, known as "the bridge-builder," fully deserves his reputation. Rakosi, who for fifteen years was a prisoner under Horthy, is generally respected, even by his enemies, is the able head of a dictatorship which, unlike the old dictatorship, has a social purpose. He is a man of generous proportions, who disguises his worries with an infectious sense of fun.

* * *

Just what proportion of the people of Hungary "accept" the rule of this group of Communists it is impossible to say. They obtained 23 per cent. at the last elections. They have the general support of the workers and of the peasants for whose benefit the great estates have been broken up. Even here, however, there are plenty of grounds for complaint. The workers have to balance canteen meals and new social services against very high prices and an immense speed-up in production. And the peasants, whose portions of land are insufficient to provide a full livelihood, fear that, sooner or later, they will be "collectivised." Other groups, doctors and lawyers, for example, are unable to resist the pressure to join the Communist Party. Having successfully split the other political parties, the Government would seem to have a clear run for a programme of social revolution by stages. To-day it wears velvet gloves. Opportunity to leave the country is given to political opponents. Political arrests are not frequent, and in conversation many people are not afraid to speak their minds. This comparative freedom will not, however, remain if the Government pushes its changes far enough or fast enough to rouse the latent opposition in a country where the masses are profoundly ignorant, violently anti-Semitic, pro-German rather than pro-Slav, and habituated to taking their orders from the Catholic heirarchy.

* * *

The able men who now run Hungary are well aware of the mistakes of the Soviet Union in handling the peasantry. They know that in Hungary, unlike Czechoslovakia, there would be serious support for an attempt at counter-revolution, which, if successful, would be savage in the extreme. Perhaps it is for this very reason that they seem determined at once to run the risks of going beyond their sober programme of reconstruction and socialisation. I went out into the country and talked to peasants whom I saw in the fields or on the roads. They are delighted with their new independence as owner-farmers, and willing to eke out their living with work outside their own farms. They grow wheat for their own eating; they are all busy raising pigs. This process will change the economy of Hungary by reducing the amount of grain for export. The Government talks of co-operative schemes and supplying credit and machinery from central organisations. I discussed co-operation with a farmer who proudly showed me a lovely pony he had bought, and who was rejoicing in the crops that he could grow for himself. If he was typical, the Government will meet with much resistance when it tries to convince these farmers of the benefits of co-operation. But here I am sure they are on the right lines. The recent decision to nationalise all industries where there are more than fifty employees is more sudden and drastic. I am told that the technical class is ready on the whole to co-operate; factory owners often become managers, not at their own confiscated factories, but at others allotted to them. More immediately serious was last week's decision to nationalise all the Catholic schools within the next month. This measure is defended not only on its merits, which are obvious, but on the grounds that the job cannot be done by stages and that it should be done before the new school year opens in the autumn. Cardinal Mindszenty has already raised the standard of revolt. He is a formidable person, a medieval ecclesiastic who will go to the limit, I should say, in organising clerical resistance. Some country priests will no doubt support the Government, as *curés* did in the French Revolution. Opposition in Parliament is repre-

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sented by the moderate Catholic Barankovics, who has courage and who is prepared to go a long way with the Government on social reform, but not to accept what any Catholic leader must feel to be a surrender of the central citadel.

* * *

My friend Leo Murray, who, like most other *Manchester Guardian* correspondents, is more interested in learning and understanding the facts than in propaganda, has made the good point that what we are really witnessing throughout Eastern Europe is the more or less "forcible conversion" of the population. This is the root of the matter. The real object is to bring up a new generation to believe in a new religion. The methods used are very similar to those of the counter-Reformation which won back Protestant countries to loyalty to the Vatican. Jobs for the faithful; the deprivation of normal means of livelihood for the recalcitrant; force and the Inquisition only when nothing else will serve. Marxism is now a very complete religion; it has its sacred books, its dogmas and philosophy, its libraries of disputation, its martyrs and its heretics. The gospel is spread by a single party whose methods and discipline remind one forcibly of the Jesuit Order. Its object is to substitute science and Marxian order for revelation and clerical control. Such a wide ambition can only be fulfilled by extreme simplification of doctrine. The masses must be convinced by propaganda. The backsliders must be punished; the faithful must be disciplined. For the masses the propaganda must be as white and black as that favoured by Reaction itself. If an eminent prelate could move his audience the other day in Budapest by describing the tears streaming down the marble cheeks of a statue of the Virgin restored to her shrine, then Communist propaganda need not be scrupulous in its denunciation of Mr. Bevin as the Source of All Evil. After all, in the job of conversion, some toughness, as one of the Communist leaders said to me, is necessary. I agreed, but I added that tolerance was also an important ingredient for success. "Yes," he said, "but the right prescription for the mixture of toughness and tolerance has not yet been discovered."

* * *

Until now the Party has taken every precaution to appease the Church. Indeed, workers complain that too much material is being spent on rebuilding churches. In one village a crucifix had been thrown down and smashed—it was said by *provocateurs* who wished to prejudice the peasants' minds against the atheistic Communists. The local Communists had replied by immediately repairing and re-erecting the crucifix. It had again been knocked over and smashed. The newspaper announced that the local Communists meant to put it up again and, this time, to erect a chapel round it. Whether the Communists' tenderness for Catholic susceptibilities really reassures the Catholic peasantry, I doubt. In any case, the decision to nationalise the Catholic schools will undo the conciliatory effects of the policy of appeasement.

* * *

The simplicity and dogmatism of propaganda is to me the least palatable aspect of this process of conversion. I visited one of the many remarkable workers' colleges. Here was a house taken over and devoted to the education of young artists who had shown promise amongst the sons and daughters of peasants, miners and factory workers. They were provided with board, lodging and artistic and cultural instruction. I was given an opportunity of asking questions of the thirty students. We first discussed the economics of art and the difference between the type of work which an artist might hope to carry out in capitalist and Socialist countries. Then they began to ask me questions to which they knew all the answers. They knew that there was no genuine nationalisation in England; I doubt if they believed me when I told them about rationing or any trend towards equality of life here. They could not imagine why England should allow herself to become dependent on America, and I think they cherished the hope that Mr. Zilliacus would soon be British Foreign Secretary. These over-simplifications are reflected in the Hungarian press which is not "censored," and which includes one Barankovics paper (occasionally suspended) and one outspoken weekly review expressing the views of the Cardinal Archbishop. Apart from one or two colourless publications, the rest of the press is Communist or near-Communist. I realised the length to which it could go when one paper announced that all the foreign journalists who witnessed the elections in Prague had testified to their complete fairness and democratic character.

* * *

The effects of all this upon me, when I was confronted by a large English-speaking audience in Budapest, was to make me wish, not to repeat the criticisms of Mr. Bevin that weekly appear in this journal, but to explain in sober language the changed position, economic and strategic, of Britain since the war, the difficulties that will confront any Government here and the tradition in this country of moderation, compromise and fair play, which extends to the working class, whose mentality, as Engels long ago pointed out, is essentially *bourgeois*. I have the impression that to a large part of my audience this picture of a country striving to reach the goal of democratic Socialism was very palatable, but I fear it was a disappointment to some of the zealots and in particular to newspaper reporters. CRITIC

CHRIST MIT UNS

"The Germans are a Christian and civilised people and must be treated as such."—General Sir Brian Robertson. June 4th.

THE British Control Commission's guide
The yoke of conquest eases—
Now Germans are all de-Nazified
Our ways of life will not divide,
Our interests happily coincide,
Their reformation pleases.

With the German democrat staunch and stout
Old ties we must not sever,
His christianity is devout,
Of his civilization there isn't a doubt,
No possible doubt whatever.

The Western Germans have been reprieved,
They earn goodwill and pardon,
The German character is retrieved,
Self-government soon will be achieved—
The news in Frankfort is well received
But not in Baden-Baden.

To France the Germans round about
Look just the same as ever,
With Nazi leaders or without—
Of *that* there is no possible doubt,
No possible doubt whatever.

While Germans are building their new regime
No English tongue should blacken 'em;
Now Christian Germans their past redeem,
They strengthen the Western Union team,
And win the confidence and esteem
Of Robertson and Pakenham.

Totalitarian faith they flout—
Will they turn Nazi? Never!
Of *that* there is no possible doubt,
No possible, probable shadow of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever.

Our occupation has wrought a cure
Throughout the British sector;
A common religion, a common Kultur,
A common concern in the case of the Ruhr,
A vote for democracy ought to ensure
From the British Zone elector.

Still Nazi doctrines spread and sprout,
Despite our best endeavour,
New National Socialists Democrats rout,
Of *that* the elections are leaving no doubt,
No possible, probable shadow of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

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For the purpose of this part of this schedule a person over pensionable age, not being an insured person, shall be treated as an employed person if he would be an insured person were he under pensionable age and would be an employed person were he an insured person.—(*National Insurance Bill, 1st Schedule, Part II, Page 77.*) (S. A. Miles.)

It was said that he made a false 999 call at 5.30 a.m., and when arrested said: "There is not much fun in life."—Police Court Report in *Evening Standard*. (H. I. Alexander.)

. . . patron of six livings; Knights of Justice of Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Order of Mercy; Honorary Treasurer of the League of Mercy. *Recreations:* shooting, stalking . . .—*Who's Who*, 1947. (P. Baggallay.)

Half share of £3,500 in Country Practice S. Devon. Unique chance for man keen on yachting and boats.—Advt. in *British Medical Journal*. (G. H. Miles.)

Fined £2 at East Norton, Leicestershire, yesterday for exceeding the speed limit . . . Mr. — said he was so disgusted at receiving the summons that he had sacked five men and rejected a £3,000 export order.—*News of the World*. (D. V. Walmsley.)

NATIONAL PARKS

SEVENTEEN years ago proposals for legislation to preserve and develop, as part of Britain's cultural heritage, stretches of land which had been spared the worst forms of spoliation by an acquisitive society, were buried, with Mr. MacDonald's government, in the debris of national financial crisis. The Addison Committee reported, in 1931, in favour of the establishment of National Parks; the Report was pigeon-holed and it was left to the various interested voluntary organisations to continue to campaign for this civilising aspect of national planning.

The conception was not allowed to be forgotten; the preservation of land for National Parks figured among the recommendations of the Scott Committee in 1942; and, last year, a Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Hobhouse, appointed by the Minister of Town and Country Planning, presented for Parliament's consideration a detailed scheme—based broadly on the masterly survey prepared in 1945 by Mr. John Dower—for the delimitation and administration of twelve National Parks in England and Wales.

It will be a tragedy if time cannot be found in the life of this Parliament for legislation to implement the Hobhouse Committee recommendations. The principle of National Parks represents bi-partisan policy; their establishment was endorsed unreservedly by the Tory Minister of Town and Country Planning (Mr. W. S. Morrison) in 1943; and even towards the end of a tired Parliament, confronted with an economic crisis little less grave than that of 1931, the passage of a National Parks Bill should not present insuperable difficulties. Yet there is a disquieting lack of any indications that the Cabinet intends to give a high place in the queue to such legislation.

As an excuse for inaction, it may be argued that the Town and Country Planning Act is now on the statute book, and that it gives powers to local planning authorities—normally County and County Borough Councils—to take steps adequate to preserve the amenities of areas such as those which the Hobhouse Committee proposed that Parliament should designate as National Parks. The argument is not convincing. Apart from the fact that several of the proposed Parks fall within the jurisdiction of two, and sometimes

three, County Councils, it is highly questionable whether local authorities, influenced (as they are bound to be) by local vested interests, and by their own pet schemes for the development of roads, reservoirs, or even local industries, can be relied on to take a broad "national" view of values in relation to unspoiled land.

It is still more doubtful whether County Councils individually can stand up effectively against encroachments on the nation's legacies of beauty by public corporations and Departments—by Coal Board and Electricity Board and Defence Ministries whose irrefragable conviction is that God designed every moor for a tank exercise ground or bombing range, every uncluttered beach for training in assault landing. Above all, the negative side of planning—the prohibition of private outrages on scenery—which is all that would be likely to interest local planning authorities in the normal exercise of their functions, is totally insufficient if the purposes of National Parks are to be achieved.

If such Parks are to be developed, as they should be, on lines which reconcile the townsman's legitimate demands for unspoiled playgrounds—which means the provision (preferably through non-profit-making agencies) of suitable tourist accommodation—and the equally proper demands of the Ministry of Agriculture, the Forestry Commission and the Board of Trade, then it is essential that special responsibility for the National Parks should be placed in the hands of a strong National Commission, whose judgment in holding the balance between economics and aesthetics the public and (be it added) the Cabinet would respect. It is such a Commission rather than to a multiplicity of local planning authorities that the funds necessary for the development of National Parks should appropriately be entrusted.

The advocates of a National Commission should not, of course, overlook the fact that in the establishment and administration of the Parks it would be impolitic to ride roughshod over local sentiment or the existing rights of democratically elected local governments. The Hobhouse Committee proposed that in each National Park there should be a local planning authority, one half of whose members should be appointed by the County Council or Councils concerned, while the chairman and fifty per cent. of the other members should be nominated by the National Parks Commission—mainly, it was suggested, from among local residents. It is arguable whether this balance of representatives gave sufficient account to the claims of local government; the County of Cumberland, for example, would be asked to surrender its planning powers over the major part of its existing territory. Since the National Commission would be supreme in determining general lines of policy and would have administrative staffs, both nationally and locally, under its own control, it might be wiser to accord a majority on local park committees to representatives appointed by County Councils.

This, however, is a relatively minor point for consideration in the drafting of a National Parks Bill. What is essential is that the locusts of time and Parliamentary indifference should not devour the Hobhouse Report. Mr. Hugh Dalton, whose personal love of rambling and wild places is well known, told Parliament in his Budget Speech on April 10th, 1946, that he was placing the sum of £50,000,000 to the credit of a National Land Fund, which could be used in part to finance the establishment of National Parks. "The Minister of Town and Country Planning," he added, "has made it quite clear, with the authority of the Cabinet, that in due course, when the legislative programme permits, he will introduce legislation on the subject of National Parks, and I hope that this will not be controversial between the parties." In no better way could Mr. Dalton celebrate his return to the Cabinet with a loving mission than by strengthening Mr. Silkin's elbow in pushing the claims of a National Parks Bill for inclusion in next Session's programme.

AYLMER VALLANCE

GREEK BALANCE SHEET

WHEN Mr. Chetwynd referred in the House on May 10 to the "judicial murders" in Greece, Mr. Hector McNeil retorted that it was "quite unjustified" to use such a term, and "unfair to call them mass executions. The figures and the procedure do not add up to that." Some of the crimes, he added, of those who were being executed were "most barbarous, dreadful and multiple assassinations." "On both sides," interjected Mr. H. D. Hughes. "Of course, on both sides," admitted Mr. McNeil.

Yes, there has been barbarity on both sides. But has there been any reasonable equality of executions on both sides? It has been officially announced in Athens that 1,320 executions have been carried out in two years, approximately 14 a week. These include the executions of men and women allegedly guilty of murder while serving with ELAS during the occupation. Even the official *Greek Bulletin* admits that many of those now being executed committed their "crimes" during the occupation. On May 19, for example, it cites the cases of Constantine Pappas, sentenced in August, 1946, for an alleged murder in September 1944; Anastassios Fourtoulakis, sentenced in April, 1947, for an alleged murder of two people in June, 1944; and Evanghelos Totsis, sentenced in August, 1946, for an alleged murder in December, 1943.

At this point a quotation from the Report of the British Legal Mission to Greece (Cmd. 6838) is relevant.

> Many persons detained for offences alleged to have been committed during the occupation or the Civil War are accused not of actual perpetration of the crime but of "moral responsibility" for it. Thus for one murder several persons may be accused, one or more of actually committing the murder, and the others of moral responsibility for it. For example, the members of an execution squad who shot an alleged traitor during the occupation might be accused of murder, and the witnesses who gave evidence against him, and the "judge" who passed the sentence, might be accused of moral responsibility for the killing.

This conception of moral responsibility was carried to its logical conclusion in the anti-strike law of last December (now apparently withdrawn), according to which a strike leader could be sentenced to death if, in the course of a strike which he led, there was a serious case of "any crime against life or limb" or "any attack upon or damage to private property" or "any act of disloyalty to the State authorities."

On the other side of the account, according to the *Greek Bulletin* of January 21 of this year, information was laid against 22,877 collaborators after the Liberation. Of these, 12,668 cases were dismissed after preliminary examination, and 10,209 were sent for trial. By January of this year, 7,027 cases had been tried; 3,182 had been found guilty of collaboration with the enemy and 121 sentenced to death. Only 18 of the death sentences had been carried out, and not one of those condemned to death was an important collaborator.

Moreover, apart from collaboration with the enemy, there are many well-known cases of Right-wing terrorists who have been active since the Liberation, yet not one execution has been reported. There is Manganas, who seized Kalamata in January, 1946, and killed fifteen hostages. There is Katsareas, who seized Sparta in August, 1946. There is Sourlas, notorious collaborator who had a price on his head, but who was pardoned under the Sofoulis-Tsaldaris amnesty. There has never been news of the arrest, trial or execution of the murderers either of the Communist journalist, Kostas Vidalis, killed in August, 1946, or of the Communist leader, Zevgos, killed at Salonica in March, 1947. There has been no report of the trial or execution of the gendarmes who ran amok in Sparta gaol in April of this year, killing 25 Left-wing prisoners. There has been no news of the arrest or trial of the Right-wing terrorists who have twice raided the Gythion prison and killed Left-wing prisoners. Finally, when an incident occurred on the island of Makronisi on February 29 of this year, and it was officially admitted that 17 prisoners were shot dead, while four guards were "hurt" by stones, there is again no report of any action having been taken against the guards. Instead, 114 more of the prisoners were hailed before court-martial and tried at Lavrion. The "even balance" of Greek barbarities which Mr. McNeil discerns lacks—to put it mildly—statistical support.

THE POWER OF PAPER

MY name is Sineokov, Nikodim Petrovich. I have a young son, Vasya, an obedient lad, I can't complain. He's forty-four. If I ask him to run along and do something for me, he'll never refuse. The other day, he went round to some publishers for me to fetch some money they owed me. I might mention here that I do some writing—recollections, memoirs, and other fanciful little articles.

Well, he went to this publisher, taking with him an authorisation in which I said that "I authorise my son Vasili Sineokov . . ." and so on, and so on. . . .

He was made welcome, asked to sit down. The old book-keeper was so pleased he hardly knew what to do.

"Well, well, well! So you're Comrade Sineokov's son. I'm very, very glad to meet you."

Why he was so glad I'm sure I don't know. Anyway, that was his business. But then he handed my Vasya an order form and said:

"We've deducted 72 roubles because of your father being childless."

My Vasya jumped as if he had been stung. He felt himself affronted.

"My father childless!"

"Of course I quite see your father isn't childless," calmly answered the old man. "But there's no certificate to that effect."

"But why must you have a document?" Vasya persisted. "Here I am in person. Here's my identity card. I'm forty-four. So obviously my father has reached the age when the bachelor tax no longer affects him anyway.

"It's no good," answers the book-keeper, "you must have a certificate."

"But I'm standing right here in front of you! His own son! Alive!"

"We glue the certificate on to the authorisation," says the book-keeper. "But you, dear Vasili Nikodimich, could not be glued to the authorisation. . . ."

It was then that I realised, friends, the power of paper.

Here, of course, I could make a whole speech to show that there are times when a piece of paper does afford protection, that bureaucrats must have certificates, etc., etc.

But you know yourselves what orators can say on such occasions. So we shall not weary you with those hoary truths, but, with your permission, get straight down to facts.

I have a neighbour, the widow Agureeva. She is entitled to a pension because of her husband. For two years she tried to get her pension, but without result. They didn't say "No, you can't have a pension." On the other hand, they didn't say "Take the pension; it's yours."

At last I got angry. I took an ordinary sheet of paper and boldly wrote to the district office: "This absurd red tape must cease. Citizeness Agureeva's case must be settled at once."

I did not even sign myself Sineokov, but something illegible like Sinebryukhov or Sinebryukov. Well, what do you think? Everything was settled within twenty four hours. They had no idea who Sinebryukhov or Sinebryukov was, but they were scared, scared of a piece of paper!

Of course, I might make a whole speech here about the protection afforded by a piece of paper

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. . . or have I said that before? I'll pass on to the next concrete fact.

Nikolai, the son of my friend Kireev, works in a central tea department. He's a great one for a joke, is Nikolai. This is what he did last year.

He was living in the summer in a thickly-populated residential district on the Kazan highway. To make travelling easier he decided to get a season ticket on the railway. So he went to the station booking-office and asked for one, tendering at the same time money and a photograph. A nice-looking girl with a nasty-looking permanent wave peered through the opening and snapped:

"Can't be done! Next!"

"Why?" asked Nikolai.

"Don't worry the booking-office clerk with silly questions! Next!"

But there happened not to be a "next," and Nikolai was a stubborn lad.

"I insist on being told," he said, raising his voice.

"Your photograph must be certified at your place of work," said the girl.

"What's to be certified?"

"That this is indeed your photograph."

"But why, here I am. Look at me and certify yourself."

"That's not allowed. Next!"

Nikolai went home. He cut out of an old illustrated paper a portrait of General Skobelev. You remember—one of those old warriors, all ribbons and medals, having a long forked beard.

He stuck his Excellency's portrait on to a piece of soft cardboard, and wrote on the back: "We hereby certify that the person shown on this photograph is N. Kireev. He then took a three-kopeck piece, smeared it lightly with ink, and applied it to the photograph instead of a stamp.

I told you this Nikolai was a naughty man, though he is getting on for forty. He meant it as a joke, but it all turned out to be quite important.

He produced General Skobelev to the above mentioned permanent wave, and she, without a word of protest, handed him a season ticket:

"If you please. Next!"

With this ticket Nikolai travelled the entire summer. Ticket inspectors nonchalantly glanced at the bearded Skobelev, then at the smooth shaven Nikolai and . . . *nichevo!* The main thing was the stamp and the words "We hereby certify. . . ."

I might make a whole speech about it, but let's pass on.

Not long ago I walked into an institution. "Pass, please!" So I went to the special office for passes. A weighty-looking old fellow, in khaki, was saying, without looking at the applicant's documents:

"S.C.P.?" *.

When the applicant failed to understand why the old fellow was hissing in this funny way, and consequently maintained an embarrassed silence, the old fellow again hissed: "S.C.P.? Don't you know Russian? Surname, Christian name, Patronymic?"

It did not matter what name you gave, you were given a pass all the same.

When it came to my turn, I found I had left my identity card at home. The man in khaki said graciously:

"Any document will do."

I took out a report of an analysis given me the day before at the polyclinic, all about my leucocytes and albumen.

"That's alright," said the man "S.C.P.?"

And he gave me a pass.

Of course I could make a long speech to show that at times a document . . . but joking apart, friends, just you consider what a mighty thing is a piece of paper. G. RYKLIN.

(Translated by George Stuyck from the March 30, 1948, issue of the Russian weekly *Krokodil*.)

* In Russian, *F.I.O.* (short for familiya, imya, ochestvo, *i.e.*, Surname, Christian name, Patronymic.)

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

ONCE, when you moved house, it was the drains you worried about; now, it's: "Can I get the Third Programme?" The man who came to put up the aerial which we trusted would tap its treasures had never himself heard it, and when it burst through, louder than one had known it before, his comment was simple and devastating: "I suppose it's what they call the higher education." One could only sympathise: it wasn't the best introduction to the Third Programme. Miss Elizabeth Wiskemann was reviewing Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's *Munich—Prologue to Tragedy*, with learning, but also with as monotonous a delivery as one has heard. My radio mechanic went away convinced that the Third Programme was as dry as dust and as nourishing. In fact, through all three home programmes of the B.B.C. there runs a common stratum of material which should hold the attention of intelligent listeners irrespective of educational level or specialised interests. The radio mechanic would, I am sure, have accepted Mr. Eric Crozier's talk on James Gable, a former coxswain of the Aldeburgh lifeboat, without question and with the proper appreciation of a recital of courage, had he heard it in the Home Service; it happened to be in the Third Programme. Similarly, the highbrow who sees the Light Programme solely in terms of *Adventure Unlimited* and *Sandy Presents* —boys' stories and cinema organs—does so at his own loss: the Light Programme, for instance, contains in *Radio Newsreel* the best and most comprehensive news service the B.B.C. puts out. Its commentaries on Parliament and foreign affairs are especially good; during the past week I have admired particularly the way in which Mr. Leonard Miall, speaking night by night from Washington, has interpreted the latest setbacks to E.R.P., and in which Mr. John Nixon, from Cairo, has followed the progress of Count Bernadotte's negotiations with Jews and Arabs. Here, the Light Programme is bringing us a service of foreign correspondents comparable to that provided by *The Times* or *The Manchester Guardian*.

It was good to hear again *The Story of D-Day*, written and narrated by Mr. Robert Barr and Mr. Chester Wilmot, and first broadcast a year ago—in the Light Programme. Massive in conception, intricate in detail, rising to a pitch of almost unbearable excitement as the suspense of waiting for June 6, 1944, was recaptured, it is the sort of *pièce d'occasion* which the Features Department does so well. What was particularly successful, as generally it is not, was the mingling of professional actors with men who themselves took part in the preparations for D-Day. The programme had great authority, and it was authoritatively produced by Mr. Laurence Gilliam.

As the first series showed, the technique of the Imaginary Conversation offers a most fruitful medium for the clash of personalities and the presentation of ideas. Most of the programmes we have so far heard have been the work of contemporary writers, but last week Mr. Heppenstall gave us two conversations by Anatole France. They were brilliant and subtle as one would expect, and the production had the sureness of casting and of rhythm which characterises Mr. Heppenstall's work in radio; though one wonders why it was necessary to make Descartes speak like a music-hall Frenchman; impotent Origen was, rightly, not made to twitter. But more rewarding, I thought, was the production a month or so ago of the conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio from Landor's *Pentameron*. Landor has always been more admired than read; one can no more read the studied marble prose, sublime though it is—perhaps because it *is* sublime—for longer than a few pages at a time than one can make a daily diet of *Paradise Regained*. What was interesting in Mr. Heppenstall's programme was to discover that what the eye too soon boggles at the ear accepted with delight. And this was not entirely due to the beautiful reading of Mr. Stephen Murray and Mr. Thesiger. WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Spanish Serenade," at the Continentale
"Deep Valley," at Warner's

The Tottenham Court Road probably has more cinemas than any other street in London: a round half-dozen. Two of these, it is true, war ruins, accommodate the rats and the weeds, but among the remaining four will be found a home of foreign films. From South America, a life of Albeniz, makes its first appearance at the Continentale. If as a musical biography it resembles its North American prototype, it has the negative virtue that it doesn't try either to domesticate an old master or idolise a champion of jazz. The pleasure of *Spanish Serenade*, that's to say, resides almost wholly in the music of Albeniz which, when confined to the piano, has a crystal quality of its own. There is a certain decent reticence, too, in the treatment, though how truthful that treatment is I cannot say. Considering the agonies we have gone through with Brahms or Schubert on the one hand and Gershwin on the other, we must award *Spanish Serenade* a fair mark. But, when that has been done, how tame and sentimental—with the exception of the musical moments—it all is! Must there always be tender dialogues while the hands at the piano go on playing? The golden-hearted musical friends, the publisher won round, the feverish bout of recitals, the final lingering illness that must be kept for a while from others? I had the impression, at any rate, of having seen a good deal of *Spanish Serenade* before.

Deep Valley, or Forever Rusticated, I have also come across rather oftener than I like. At its best it can be funny as well as low; *Tobacco Road* was that. The milieu of *Deep Valley* is grim and not altogether convincing. Life on separate floors: Ma pretending to be an invalid upstairs, Pa downstairs munching and grouching, daughter (with a stammer) as intermediary between the two, broken banisters, flapping shutters, thunder and lightning without, and a chain-gang conveniently working over the hill-top. A fugitive from the last provides a ready-made hero; who better than a murderer can cure a poor girl of the stammers? Theirs is idyllic love, with the barn loft for its setting and the posse out day and night. Then he gets shot, Pa and Ma have made it up (goodness knows why), and there are signs that shutters may be fixed and banisters mended. Two things have made this film tolerable: good acting, and skilled photography. Miss Ida Lupino as the sad, wild slavey plays with remarkable understanding, and it's a pity the whole film isn't on her level. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"The Gioconda Smile," at the New
"Traveller's Joy," at the Criterion

Many people will remember *The Gioconda Smile* in its short story form, as a particularly characteristic sample of Mr. Aldous Huxley's art; a tale soaked in sensual disgust, as a baba rhum is soaked in bitter spirit, but turned with the most artful elegance. Nothing of this, I think it is fair to say, survives into the play, and those who hope to recapture something of that early flavour are bound to be disappointed. What we are given instead is a thumping melodrama whose only relation to the original is in the line of the story and some blurred images of the same characters. It may, of course, seem better than this to those who don't know the story and who are not haunted by echoes from another medium. But in any case what most strikes us is the comparative failure of the author in this medium. The dialogue, at least as it was spoken by these actors, remained obstinately "written," even when it was witty and amusing; and worse, somehow the tensions and the climaxes within the scenes were never successfully generated: they simply arrived, unannounced, one after the other. In a good logical order, it is true, and that carried the narrative successfully forward, but it never created the emotional curve behind the story.

Henry Hutton is reduced here from the arid self-disgust of the eroticist to the mere self-indulgence of a rich dilettante, and Mr. Clive Brook carries this off with his particular species of easy evasiveness. This is a popular turn, but it avoids the subtleties which would make Henry Hutton's last situation ironically just and, so, interesting. Incidentally, Mr. Brook in the first act throws away his lines so

casually that in the seventh row of the stalls I hardly caught one word in five; those further back must have heard nothing. In the last act he is seen in prison condemned to death for the wife-murder he hasn't committed, and banging his hands to ribbons against the door of his cell. Here enters the new Huxley, in the guise of the doctor, who successfully converts him in these last few grim moments to the doctrine of non-attachment, persuading him to resign himself to the inevitable and not to make his last hours on earth a minor hell. This grafting of the new Huxley on to the old strikes me as singularly unsuccessful. Not that the doctor's arguments are unpersuasive; on the contrary they convince. For while this conversion is being hustled through on one half of the stage, on the other half in this same last act, in alternate scenes, we are shown Janet Spence, Hutton's rejected adorer, who has fixed on him the murder she herself committed and is now suffering the insomnia of guilt and hate, and warding off the doctor's attempts to make her admit it. Here Miss Pamela Brown comes into her own. Earlier, she had been flinging out smiles and looks which only the very gullible would mistake for enigmatic; now she settles down to a powerful scene of near-mania until the doctor's ruse with the clock forces her confession with an hour to spare. Only a much more effective deployment of the doctor's part would have held the play properly together. Unfortunately that clever actor, Noel Howlett, was not happily cast in this part, though it seems to me doubtful whether anyone could make it convincing as it is written. Miss Brenda Bruce scores a real success as Henry Hutton's little piece, an appealing girl-woman in this version, instead of the original straight supplier of "pneumatic bliss." Miss Marie Ney contributes a vivid little sketch of the nastiest kind of private nurse.

Traveller's Joy, the farcical comedy about the trials of being abroad when your allotment is exhausted, is the greatest fun. The author, Mr. Macrae, is also an actor, and knows exactly what will come off and what won't. Somewhere buried in this entertaining nonsense is the outline of the high comedy Mr. Macrae can surely write, but Miss Yvonne Arnaud turns it all to farce. We don't complain. It is enough to hear her on the telephone wistfully cancelling the sumptuous luncheon she finds her ex-husband can't pay for either; or to see her palm a dish of smoked salmon from the cocktail tray for her breakfast next morning; or to watch her extract a large pair of scissors from her bag and carefully cut a cigarette exactly in half to share it fairly with her secretary (little knowing that he has just sold her best hat). Whatever she does or says, she is unfailingly funny. Mr. Macrae as her secretary plays admirably up to her with charming ease. Mr. Charles Victor finds his feet when he is mistaken for a waiter, and among the small parts Mr. Ernst Uhlman as a Swedish hotelier brings the evening to a delightful finish.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE BALLET

Metropolitan Ballet, at the Scala
"Caribbean Rhapsody," at the Prince of Wales's

The Metropolitan Ballet, now at the Scala Theatre, is much to be congratulated on the high standard it has attained. It has some excellent soloists; among them Celia Franca, who is also maitresse-de-ballet, Sonia Arova, Beriosova, Peggy Sager, Delysia Blake, Paul Gnatt, Eric Brühn and Frank Staff; a good orchestra under John Lanchbery and a greatly improved corps-de-ballet. Even the Polovtsian Dances from *Prince Igor*, under Beriosoff's direction, received a fine and exciting performance. Paul Gnatt, and Sonia Arova were outstanding, but all danced with great spirit. The dresses, by Peter Williams, were exceptionally well designed; he was also responsible for the very pleasing dresses and decor in *Design for Strings*, by the young American choreographer, John Taras. This is a beautiful composition for six dancers —two women and four men—on the second movement of Tchaikovsky's Trio in A minor for violin, cello and pianoforte, which John Lanchbery has arranged for strings. Taras, like Ashton, approaches choreography primarily through the music, and his rendering of its moods is wholly successful. His choreographic patterns are ingenious and beautiful, and his treatment of space and musical silences very sensitive. There is no plot but, as dancers are not robots, their contacts, in dance as in life, are inevitably productive of sentiment—one might almost say of sentimental situations —and you may detect the ghost of a drama which, like the emotion of certain chords and harmonic progressions in music, you are free to interpret as you will. Let us therefore banish the word "abstract" from our consideration of this and ballets of like nature, such as *Symphonic Variations* and *Scènes de Ballet*. John Taras is a confessed disciple of Balanchine, but his talent is original and delightful.

Katherine Dunham, whose *Caribbean Rhapsody* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, has already stolen the heart of London, is billed as "star performer, anthropologist, choreographer, producer, author, founder and director of her own school of dance and theatre." Stranger still, she really is all this. She is not an anthropologist with a stop-watch, but something more congenial; for she is by her research and practice the ambassador of a wide-spread Latin American civilisation, which finds in dance and ritual —brilliant, tender and terrible—the natural expression of its relation to the inner and outer world of Nature. And she can herself interpret this in her own dancing, and reveal it to us by a genius for showmanship which is really prodigious. For, more difficult than choosing among such abundance of natural talent for music and dance, must have been the art of persuading it to the discipline of this unique revue, where primitive West Indian ritual, Cuban singing, a Brazilian quadrille, street scenes sinister and gay, Latin American flirtations, a tragic folk drama of Martinique, succeed but never jostle each other; while above, below and through it all beat the insistent, subtle, obsessing rhythms of the native drums. All are wonderful dancers, but in such a firmament Vanoye Aikens, Tommy Gomez, Jesse Hawkins, Lenwood Morris, La Rosa Estrada, Esteban Larraura, Eartha Kitt and Lucille Ellis shine quite particularly; and, of course, Miss Dunham herself, who is expert in everything.

Dresses and headdresses are fantastically, blatantly beautiful, and worn with consummate grace; incontestably another New Look.

BERYL DE ZOETE

PAINTINGS

Graham Sutherland: Bryan Wynter

The new Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, Hanover Square, is so pleasingly complicated in its interior geography that the thirty-nine new oils and water-colours which Mr. Graham Sutherland has brought back from the South of France seem, at first sight, a mere handful. Mr. Sutherland's art has been remarkable for the vocabulary of flatly drawn, opaquely coloured shapes with which he has described the forms of natural objects in landscape while at the same time evoking a world of internal fantasy. Untouched by cubism, Mr. Sutherland made hills, trees and rocks resemble things seen through a microscope: a flowing linear imagery embodied all his forms, surrounding his harder objects with a rippling element reminiscent of the lymph surrounding and containing the corpuscles. Moreover, by typical acts of imaginative observation, natural forms were frequently resolved into the most affecting shapes: the bend of a road would be elevated, with extraordinary ease and naturalness, into that potent symbol—a crescent. And any round lump, a pebble or boulder, might, by his use of lighting, be made to illustrate a phase of the moon, a light and a dark side being sharply divided. Although he made pebbles into solar systems and his bracken slopes suggested the sections on a botanists' microscope, these paintings always evoked the atmosphere of our Celtic coasts intensely.

The subject has now changed. Writhings of gorse or bracken give way to jagged "palm palisade,"

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glass-sharp vineleaves and baroque banana leaves. The soft blacks and delicate vibrant alizarines and emeralds of earlier works—they were transparent stains, not "body colour"—are now replaced by opaque, "dead" surfaces of intense yellow, orange, scarlet, pink and a pale electric blue-green. Greys and off-whites abound in place of the blacks which the Mediterranean light has routed. And these pictures are unlike earlier ones in that they are not black-and-white in conception. Questions of tone, quite new to Sutherland, and of the space that tone generates, are forced upon him for the first time. Now white is mixed in with most of these new colours and the device of a white ground shining through a thin wash of colour—for gaining luminosity—is practically discarded. In his earlier works depth, or distance, would be suggested by line, never by plastic tone. The forms of, say, a hilltop in the upper part of a canvas would be as strong in colour, as black or as red, as a stone or tree trunk in the foreground. To convey depth, this linear design invariably created a series of receding loops, the whole composition forming a circular arrangement, or two circles interlinked. The corners of his canvases were thus usually empty except for some corner-filling detail.

Sutherland himself is now at a half-way stage. He has abandoned circular composition. He is now placing a cluster of sharp vine or palm-forms, which have the old circular rhythms, against a hard, opaque flat background, divided into rectilinear or triangular facets suggesting a wall. Even when this background is actually sky, it *feels* like a wall or screen—hard and near. "Space" in Sutherland's work, as in Gris, is always mental, rather than sensuous: we have to learn how to "read" this three-dimensional meaning. The harsh clash of the flat backgrounds (they lie parallel to the picture surface) with the almost naturalistically solid plant forms is very fascinating (reminiscent of Grünewald?). But one feels that his interest in the vine and pergola—the curling surfaces of leaf; the engineering feats of stems spanning space—is somehow divorced from his interest in realising the pictorial space as a whole.

At the *Redfern* Bryan Wynter's oils and gouaches mark the advance of an artist of impressive talent. His painting combines the formal ingenuity of cubism with the mood of a romantic; the discipline in abstract form of a still-life artist with the subjects of a landscapist. Dead birds and other properties of the Cornish moors and beaches inhabit the dramatic twilight of his accomplished gouaches. Yet his more recent oils are of still greater interest. Number 69, *Still life with horse's skull*, is a majestic construction, full of purple night and yellow gleaming bone.

PATRICK HERON

Correspondence

FORCED LABOUR IN RUSSIA

SIR,—Miss Todd is mistaken in supposing that she can refute me. It is above all the *scale* of Soviet cruelty that appals. Kropotkin, who published the book quoted by Miss Todd 33 years after he left Russia, obtained his information partly from statistics and partly from what Mr. Rothstein—to be consistent—would have to call "malicious gossip." Let us suppose that Kropotkin's facts were correct. In 1909, then, there were about 181,000 prisoners in the Russian Empire, as well as 74,000 exiles (though he also quotes a much lower figure), and an unspecified number in police lock-ups. Perris, the other author quoted by Miss Todd, says that at the end of the 19th century there were 70,000 exiles in northern Siberia as well as 13,000 prisoners on the island of Sakhalin. Thus the number of prisoners and exiles was incomparably lower than under the Soviet régime. Remember, as an example, the permanent transportation of 1,000,000 families (probably 5,000,000 persons) during the liquidation of the kulaks; remember the 10,000,000 or more stated on the best available evidence to be working under forced labour in 1940. We are faced nowadays by cruelty on a scale unthought of in Kropotkin's and Perris's time.

Undoubtedly there was cruelty in Czarist prisons. There was acute discomfort, overcrowding and disease. Chains were used in certain cases. Perris shows a picture of a man being flogged and another of a man after having been flogged. Similar pictures could be made in British prisons to-day. The number suffering in Russian prisons in the first decade of this century was higher than in British prisons at the same time, but the period was one of acute unrest. In the five years up to and including the date of publication of Perris's book two Ministers of the Interior, one Minister of Education, two Chiefs of Police, one Governor-General, three Governors and Vice-Governors, one Inspector of Customs, the Captain and six officers of a battleship and the Grand Duke of Sevgius, as well as a number of other prominent persons, were assassinated, and attempts were made on the lives of many more. I make no attempt to excuse the ruthless treatment of convicted persons; indeed, I favour the total abolition of capital and corporal punishment; but even in Great Britain a succession of political murders of people corresponding to those listed above would have been followed by severities. When Alexander (the Czar who abolished serfdom) was assassinated after repeated attempts in 1881, five definitely implicated persons were executed. When Kirov, a member of the Politburo, was assassinated in 1934, at least 133 paid the same penalty.

It is shocking to every liberally minded person that anyone should be taken away from his home because he opposes the political opinions of the authorities. Nevertheless, the rigours of political exile under the Czarist régime seem unquestionably to have been exaggerated. A. V. Baikaloff, who spent three years (1908-1910) in exile in Siberia for political offences, says that "On the whole, political offenders were treated with great respect and consideration." It would be an eye-opener to many people to read the account of Lenin's exile at the end of the 19th century, written by his widow, N. K. Krupskaya (*Memories of Lenin*, Vol. 1, Chapter 2). One simply cannot call the conditions of exile, as described in this book, barbarously cruel.

It is misleading to apply the phrase "barbaric Russia" to the last decades of the Czarist régime. The books of Maurice Baring, for instance, give an entirely contrary picture. The intelligentsia was to a large extent progressive and humane; Russia had no superior among the nations in the fields of music, literature and the theatre; the people in general did not live in continual fear of arrest (apart from actual revolutionaries); as H. J. Bruce said, the ordinary people were gay and lighthearted (both he and Baring use the expression "happy-go-lucky"). Much, indeed, remained to be done before the State could be regarded as liberal; but, as I have said, the horrors of Soviet Russia are *not* a hang-over from the bad old days of previous centuries. There was an intervening period that might have led on to the liberal State.

The Mill,
Kidlington, nr. Oxford.

JOHN R. BAKER

SIR,—It is unfortunately Mr. West who is free with his references. I wrote of the variety of estimated prisoner totals mentioned by Mr. Crankshaw, pointed out that in fact the range was still wider, and called it "Dallin's *accumulation of gossip and guesswork*." This in Mr. West's hands becomes: "Dallin's guesswork"—as though I were saying it emanated from Mr. Dallin himself. Very ingenious indeed, but often called by another name. Incidentally, Mr. West himself shows later that I gave Mr. Dallin's own "estimate" of 10-12 millions.

Again, I wrote that the figures used by Mr. Dallin suggest a mortality of 30-40 per cent. in the camps (Professor Lorimer performed no conjuring tricks, and has nothing to do with the figure: I only quoted his statistics of the Soviet male population). I said "suggest" deliberately, because—in spite of Mr. Crankshaw's boost—Dallin's book relies on cumula-

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tive insinuation rather than on precision. Was I exaggerating from the example of "one of two notorious camps"? Let the book answer.

The prisoners "perish with terrible speed, and *much of the Government's energy*" (no less!) "goes into filling the gaps with a continuous supply of fresh human material". (*Preface*, X); "*millions of people* perish in them" (camps with a population of 10-12 millions) "from starvation, cold and exhaustion" (p. 19); "*millions of men* are perishing in the camps" (p. 31); "in the 17th camp the rate of mortality was very high. After a few weeks the daily toll of deaths would be one or two persons, sometimes more" (p. 38, i.e., 350-700 or more a year, out of 1,200); "the mortality there" (in two punitive camps in the Far East) "is reported to *exceed* 30 *per cent. per year*" (p. 72); at the Vorkuta camps "the extremely high mortality rate is notorious" (p. 73), i.e., presumably it is at least comparable with the figure just mentioned; in the Kolyma goldfields the cost has been "one human life for every kilogram of gold" (p. 146) —which means, using Mr. Dallin's own statistics of output, 300,000 *lives per annum before the war*, when he says, "400,000 to 500,000" prisoners had to be imported every year (p. 137), and 450,000-500,000 *lives per annum since the war*, when he says shipments of labourers were resumed "with renewed impetus" (*ibid*); a mortality rate of 15 per day (i.e., 5,400 *per annum*) among 4,000-5,000 war prisoners in a camp near Tambov (p. 278); and much else.

In drawing from these assertions the conclusion that Mr. Dallin aimed at a cumulative suggestion of 30-40 per cent. as a yearly mortality rate, I was understating the case.

As for the list of camps, Mr. Dallin reproduces without challenge the story of the Polish officers about "clusters" and "regions" (I did date it "1945" in my letter, and Mr. West must blame my bad handwriting for the misprint "1940"). Moreover, Mr. Dallin shows by a footnote (p. 62) that he accepts the story—including their barefaced description of a list of *individual* camps (with one exception), verifiable as such by the facsimile letter heads which he reproduces, as "the above-listed *clusters*" (*ibid*).

Of course the Polish officers said that one camp held 300,000 prisoners, and another 200,000: why should they restrain themselves? But their totals still add up to grotesque and impossible results, as I showed last week. It is noteworthy that Mr. West, too, subscribes to the theory that anyone can put forward any fantastic figures concerning the U.S.S.R., even if they lead to stupid conclusions, when the Soviet Government itself has not published statistics. I was dealing, however, with Mr. Crankshaw's "matter-of-fact demonstration . . . analysis of vital statistics and Gosplan returns," not with the Polish officers' men in buckram.

Mr. West drags in alleged Spanish prisoners. It is indeed impressive evidence when what appears to be an ordinary outgoing reference number on a document (we are not vouchsafed the text)—"99/22/-Spassk"—such as every one of the letterheads reproduced by Mr. Dallin (pp. 74-83) bears, is cited to show the existence of "sections" and "elements" mentioned nowhere else. What must the number of prisoners be, for example, at Mr. Dallin's "4/58024/16 Belomorsk," or at "7/2261 Komsomolsk"?

Mr. West makes a glaring misquotation, evades essential points, ignores most of my criticisms in any case—and then announces that "not a single statement" of mine stands scrutiny. That is allowing himself some freedom of reference, with a vengeance.

39 Hillway, N.6. ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

BUILDING COSTS

SIR,—Sir Dudley Pryke's ingenuous rejoinder to your comments on the Simon Report can hardly deceive many of your readers. If one part of the Report is a "Builders' Merchants' Charter," it is odd that he should be asking for the whole inquiry to be reopened. Perhaps the way out of the dilemma lies in his suggestion that "the investigators should take the trade's advice as to where they should look." (Reported by the *Economist*, May 22nd, 1948.) Would it not be simpler if the Minister of Workers were to invite Sir Dudley to rewrite the Simon Report? It would save the Minister the trouble of finding a suitably docile committee.

The quotation given from Chapter 9 of the Simon Report is not exactly an uncritical endorsement of the methods and activities of the builders' merchants. Even more is this true of the rest of the chapter, the burden of which is that there is always a distributive function, that the existing merchants are adequate, although expensive and not particularly efficient, for the building industry as we know it to-day, but—and this is the clear implication—that the building industry itself is anything but efficient; if it were, the methods of distribution of materials would be very different.

The profits made by the merchants cannot be dismissed as "only a small part of the aggregate cost of building." If they were reduced to the figure regarded as reasonable by the Simon Committee, without doing anything at all about the wasteful monopolistic practices described or anything to improve the efficiency of the merchants, the saving in the cost of a local authority house would be about £40.

It is not easy to see how the Ministry of Works' accountants can have taken one view of the turnover/capital employed ratio in 1944 and another in 1947, presumably on the same set of figures. Or is it Sir Dudley's accountants? It is most unlikely that the Ministry would have allowed the Simon Committee to quote it on this crucial figure without good reason, and Sir Dudley has produced not one scrap of evidence the other way. The table on page 94 of the Simon Report certainly does *not* contradict the 4 : 1 ratio of turnover/capital employed. It gives figures of the ratio of sales/stock at an average of more than 6 : 1. All one can say is that this is not inconsistent with the 4 : 1 ratio, since stock is by far the largest item in capital employed in the merchanting business. What Sir Dudley has done, of course, is to select figures to suit him over part of the range, a device in keeping with his general criticism of the Simon Report.

As to the part played by the merchant in the monopolistic arrangements so fully described by the Committee, we are asked to believe, it must be supposed, that the poor merchants are unwilling victims, like the public, of rapacious manufacturers. This may be part of the truth, but it is certainly not the whole truth. It is encouraging to learn that there must be at least fifty or sixty building materials not affected by monopoly in any way. Could we have the names of five or six?

D. J. F. PARSONS,
Labour Research Dept. *Secretary*

SIGN OR STARVE

SIR,—A recent issue of *The Times* publishes a statement of Lord Horder's to the effect that "sign or starve" is the slogan of general practitioners to-day. As a motive for joining the New Service, it must be as disturbing to the public as it is unjust to a substantial body of the profession.

May I, for the reassurance of both, mention one or two other motives which—to my own knowledge—move doctors in undertaking to serve under the new scheme?

Ignoring the 4,000-odd who actively welcome the scheme, there are the new converts who have now had time to think things over. I have spoken to some of them; the phrase "bureaucratic control" no longer occasions anxiety, the "fight for freedom" fails to hypnotise or, indeed, to convey any meaning at all; the B.M.A. is chasing phantoms.

Unhampered by emotional blinkers, doctors have been able to discern a number of advantages in the New Service, for themselves, for their patients and for the cause of medicine generally.

There is the important circumstance that a patient's treatment need no longer be related to his ability to pay for it; there is the undeniable fact that hours of

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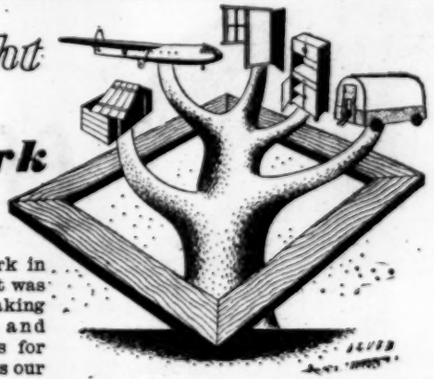

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labour entailed in the collecting of private fees will in future be hours of leisure—or at least of freedom to devote more time to professional work; there is preventive medicine.

But why, after all, ignore the "Gallant Minority."? The shape of things to come has been conceived by minorities often enough in the past, and they have not been conspicuous for the motto "sign or starve."

White Lodge, S. GRAHAM
Bagshot, Surrey.

NAIL-BITING

SIR,—Mrs. Robertson's remarks on nail-biting remind me that two young men once told me they had cured themselves of the habit on becoming engaged. One fiancée was so grieved at the habit that the young man made a mighty effort and threw it off, but the other lady told her man that a piece bitten out of a smooth nail left two sharp points, a second bite left three points and so on. She gave him a nail file and urged him, when he had clipped and made two such points, to round them off with a file. By so doing the youth quickly lost all wish to bite his nails.

It is an interesting speculation as to what the mental result was in the two cases. One psychologist gave the opinion that the nail file would erupt later in some worse effect, but another thought this would be the fate of the man who proved himself captain of his soul. R. T. DICKINSON

5 Kitsbury Terrace, Berkhamsted.

SIR,—In "A London Diary," June 5th, Mrs. Arnot Robertson records how she sought psychiatric treatment to cure her small son of the everyday habit of nail-biting. Finding such treatment long, expensive, and liable to affect a psychological change in him, she reports that she stopped the habit successfully by hitting both his hands with a wooden spoon.

As this account might have an adverse effect on readers contemplating psychiatric treatment, it is worth while noting that treatment is usually a lengthy business—a reliable psychiatrist will over-estimate rather than under-estimate the time needed—and that such treatment need not be expensive: certain clinics operating in London base fees on the weekly income of those seeking help, or offer treatment free of charge.

To cure a habit symptomatic of psychological maladjustment it is, of course, necessary to bring about a psychological change in the patient, and Mrs. Robertson makes it clear that she herself resisted such a change being made. ("I was assured it would be better for the child's natural development, said I preferred aggression inverted, paid three guineas and left.") She makes her attitude clear to the second psychiatrist ("I explained carefully at the start that I didn't want the child cured of anything whatever except nail-biting"), and he accordingly asked for both mother and son to attend for treatment. The third psychiatrist consulted seems out of touch with customary psycho-analytical thought by his saying that the child should be fixated upon somebody, usually the mother: analysts spend their time in helping to relieve patients of such emotional fixations.

It is regrettable that the terms used by psychiatrists are so open to popular misconceptions. "Aggression" is too easily misconceived as "hooliganism" particularly when a small boy is under discussion. In the narrow, psychological sense, aggression may perhaps be satisfactorily defined as that essential factor which provides a well-integrated personality with its necessary "drive." JOHN WELLBY

24 Holland Park, London, W.11.

FEDERAL UNION

SIR,—Under the heading, "Dr. Dalton's Return," your issue of June 5th contains the statement that "Dr. Dalton won an ovation for his performance in trouncing the Federal Unionists while accepting their resolution on behalf of the Executive." Perhaps you will allow me to point out that the Composite Resolution in question was not only not the Federal Unionists's resolution but that its acceptance by the Conference represented a categorical rejection of their point of view.

The real issue was that between the Federal constitution-mongers, who say, "Let us get rid of national sovereignty first and fight for Socialism at some future date," on the one side, and the Socialists on the other, who realise that the future structure of European society will be either capitalist or Socialist, and that the future of Socialism and of world peace alike hang upon which it is. This is not an issue which it is possible to put into cold storage, and the Conference definitely decided against attempts to steer a course "between partiality on the one hand and impartiality on the other" in the matter.

In the words of the Resolution, it "believed that the Conservative conception of *Western Union on a capitalist basis* and in military alliance with the U.S.A. against the U.S.S.R., cannot solve Europe's economic problems and will only lead to a third world war." It called on the Party to co-operate with other European Socialist Parties to take practical steps to achieve "the United *Socialist* States of Europe," *based on public ownership*, economic planning and individual liberty, and in complete military and political independence of both U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.

Anyone who thinks that this is "the Federal Unionists' resolution" has either not read it or does not understand the issue. Certainly no one at the Conference had any doubt of the line the Conference was being asked to take and did take in accepting the resolution, in spite of Dr. Dalton's many reservations; and that the Federal Unionists themselves had less doubt than anyone on the subject was shown by the reactions of the *News Chronicle* next day. That paper quite correctly interpreted the acceptance of the resolution as showing that the N.E.C. "put Socialism first and union second," and that is the whole issue between the Federal Unionists and their opponents. S. D. WINGATE

12 Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

TIGER BAY

SIR,—I am grateful for Mrs. Wilson's correction of her term "Negro" in your issue of June 5th. She does not say in which category the offspring of "mixed blood"—by no means a negligible statistical quantity—are included. Assuming, to save further correspondence, they are also members of her "non-White" group and discounting any question of emigration, is it possible that the low ratio of this group is accountable in the difficulties of the direct methods by which Mrs. Wilson apparently collected her figures concerning racial origin? When, six years ago, I was in the area, there was quite a deep, though subtle, conviction of the "inferiority" of colour; a strong susceptibility over racial intermixture; and a fearful suspicion, very intense in some quarters, that "ex-patriation" of part of the community would sooner or later be officially attempted. (Historically, there is, in fact, evidence of popular demands in Cardiff for this). So long as these sociological conditions hold good, I, personally, would advise a good deal of caution over racial data collected in any official capacity. KENNETH LITTLE

62 Palewell Park, London, S.W.14.

COLOUR DISCRIMINATION

SIR,—The British Centre for Colonial Freedom is investigating the extent to which colour discrimination operates in Britain in respect of admittance to hotels, restaurants and lodging houses and the renting of rooms and flats. Whilst the housing shortage makes it difficult for many people to obtain living accommodation there are undoubtedly some of them who are suffering a double disadvantage because they are Africans, Indians, Chinese and so on. I should be grateful to hear from any of your readers who might have evidence of this sort of discrimination.

33 Compton Road, N.1. SIDNEY BILLSON
Hon. Secretary.

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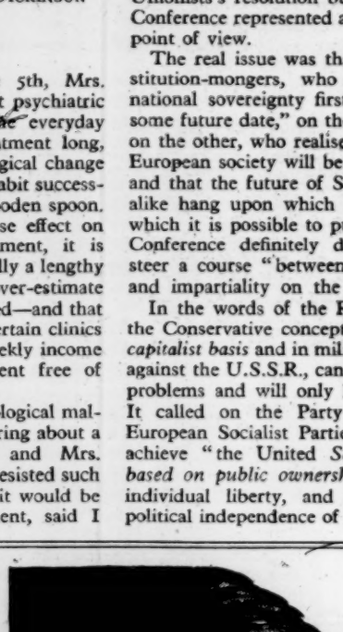

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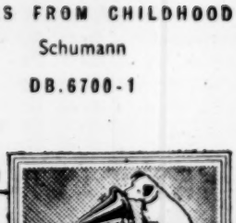

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10/204

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE merits of a new book, *Young Mr. Newman*, by Maisie Ward (Sheed and Ward, 21s.), impel me to return to its subject. I realise that many readers do not share my ardent interest in this astonishing man; and what I want to consider this time is not so much his personality as some aspects of the movement in which he found himself the leader. A granddaughter of "ideal Ward" (a follower of Newman who when they had both submitted to Rome became his truculent antagonist), a daughter of Wilfred Ward (Newman's devoted biographer), Miss Maisie Ward has written a valuable complement to her father's masterpiece, which—in obedience to the Cardinal's wishes—allowed little space to the first forty-three years of his life.

Too habitually writers of the Roman obedience treat Anglicanism with a condescension bordering upon malice: Miss Ward is always fair, and often generous. In her political comments similarly she appears more in accord with the Catholic intellectuals and statesmen of the Continent than with the Pétain-fanciers and frothblowers who between them impose upon English Catholic thought so insular a flavour:

> Often to-day we meet with the remark that Belloc's prophecy has been fulfilled and that we are living in his servile state. But we are not. We are living in *a* servile state but quite a different one. In his vision part of the population was going to be enslaved to work for the other part. But to-day we are all enslaved to the state. Belloc in fact was looking back rather than forward. His servile state existed: it was Disraeli's two nations. The factory hands were slaves of the owners, the villagers were slaves of the squires. And by this slavery they were being conditioned to be happy slaves of the state.

The new material used in this book throws little light except upon Newman's relations with his family. It is surprising, however, to find that he of all men misquoted the Prayer Book, unconsciously twisting it to support his own Conservatism ("that state of life in which *it has pleased* God to call them" instead of "*it shall please*"). Miss Ward justly emphasises the melancholy, which she finds un-Catholic, conspicuous in Tractarian religion. All the leaders carried asceticism to lengths that would have been discouraged by an experienced spiritual director. They were, one notices, surrounded by the prematurely dying. (Was tuberculosis so usual in most families, or was there some causal connection between extreme piety and a tubercular strain?) Newman's two dearest friends, Bowden and Hurrell Froude; Froude's sister; Pusey's daughter and wife; and Newman's beloved sister Mary: they all died young. Miss Ward might have quoted his singular reference to this sister sixteen years later:

> He led me forward by a series of Providences from the age of nineteen till twenty-seven. I *was* "the work of His hands," for He repeatedly and variously chastised me and at last to win me from the world, He took from me a dear sister—and just at the same time He gave me kind friends to teach me His way more perfectly.

Was not Newman carrying self-centredness very far when he assumed that it was for his benefit that God deprived his sister of her life and her family of her presence? Such a view was perhaps partly a relic of his Evangelical period, upon which Miss Ward, like Mr. Christopher Dawson, lays great stress. She should, I think, have cited, if only to disagree with it, Newman's declaration that he had never been "a genuine Evangelical." The only other detail in this scholarly book which I wish to question is the surprising statement that Newman's pamphlet against Hampden was "scrupulously fair."

Now let us consider the society in which Newman, in his thirties, became a potentate, almost an idol. The Anglo-Catholicism, into which Tractarianism evolved, has now for many decades inspired the most devoted and effective party in the Church of England. Its exponents have been characterised by the importance they attach to the seven Sacraments, by their use of pre-Reformation ceremonial, and—very often—by their advocacy of social reforms. The Oxford Movement, on the other hand, began with a Tory defence of Protestant property and privilege; nor did any of its leaders take an interest in ritual. Nineteen bishops out of twenty-one, it will be remembered, voted against the first reading of the great Reform Bill; and the first reformed House of Commons, which afterwards abolished slavery and passed the earliest Factory Act, began its career with a mild measure for redistributing all too little of the property unjustly held by that fat anomaly, the Church of Ireland. Thereupon John Keble, Fellow of Oriel and Professor of Poetry, denounced the Government as sacrilegious from the pulpit of the University Church, in a sermon humourlessly entitled "National Apostasy." Another Fellow of Oriel, John Henry Newman, went further still: "The gift of excommunication," he wrote, "will not for ever remain unused. If I were a Bishop, the first thing I should do would be to excommunicate Lord Grey and half a dozen more, whose names it is almost a shame and a pollution for a Christian to mention." These two, and a small group of sympathisers, then decided to expound in a series of tracts their high sense of the rights and powers attaching to the Anglican Church.

This entailed detecting grounds for its claims to superiority over alike the Papists and the Dissenters. The old High Church party were concerned rather with maintaining than with justifying the prerogatives of the Establishment. The Evangelicals and the Latitudinarians could offer no substantial reason why salvation should be sought among the Anglicans rather than among the Methodists. (If their Low view of the Church had been historical, two thousand clergy would not have left it in 1662 rather than accept the Act of Uniformity.) In next to no time the Tractarians discovered that what appeared superficially to be a ramshackle Erastian contrivance, resulting from a series of compromises and rapacities, must really be the living Bride of Christ, endowed by Him through the Apostolical Succession with the most awful supernatural powers. Precedents for these claims could be found in the Caroline divines. But Churches like other societies evolve; and after the high-minded secession of the Nonjurors in 1689, the official mind of the Church of England (if such can be said to have existed) became emphatically Protestant and often Latitudinarian. Arians or Socinians such as Hoadly could be consecrated as bishops; Laudian doctrines were more and more neglected save by a few Jacobites and scholars. When therefore the Tractarians pointed out that the Prayer Book enjoined fasting and daily services, that it insisted upon the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, that it provided for auricular confession and absolution, most churchmen were amazed, indignant, and at a loss for an answer. When the ninetieth Tract appeared, they could no longer contain themselves. This was written to show that the Thirty-nine Articles had been so phrased as to admit a number of beliefs generally held to be papistical, including the doctrines of purgatory and the Sacrifice of the Mass. History, I think, justifies this argument: the Prayer Book was framed, not uncynically, to obtain the adherence of as many of His Majesty's subjects as possible. Tait, who was one of the first to protest officially against the Tract, soon came to see that subscription to the Articles entailed at least as much difficulty for Latitudinarians like himself as for those whom Thomas Arnold called "the Oxford malignants." The Evangelicals were less candid, because far less intellectual. Though they regularly disobeyed the Prayer Book, they were appalled by what they called the disloyalty of the Tractarians. To the detached observer it now seems that none of the three parties was in a position to attack the good faith of the others. Most of the bishops however, felt called upon to condemn the Tract; and its author, Newman, entered upon the five years of distressed uncertainty that ended with his submission to Rome.

The men who launched the Oxford Movement were to an extraordinary extent not only unworldly but ignorant of the world. Pusey had spent two years in German universities, three months in Paris, but the experience of the others was almost confined to Oxford (then a long journey from London) and to some sequestered rural parishes. Keble, for instance, was the son of a country parson and educated at home; he became an undergraduate before he was fifteen, obtained a double First and a Fellowship before he was nineteen. His profound and touching piety went with an extreme unawareness of the spirit of the age. He preferred not to hear what was unpleasant to him. At the same time he was a most painstaking parish priest, and suffered from the knowledge that he did not understand the difficulties of his flock, an ignorance that he blamed upon their refusal to come to confession. Newman, incomparably more powerful in intellect (and, incidentally, slightly inferior to his friends in social status), had read Gibbon and Hume and Tom Paine; but his innocence in matters of daily life remained always prodigious.

The Tractarians, none the less, often animadverted upon the growing infidelity of the age: Cabinet Ministers, they complained, were no longer expected even to profess belief in the Atonement. To us, however, the Thirties and Forties seem much more religious than either the preceding or the succeeding period. According to Mr. G. M. Young, Lord Hatherton used to say that in 1810 only two gentlemen in Staffordshire had family prayers; in 1850 only two did not. On the other hand William Palmer gives the following account of the England into which the Tracts were launched:

> Allusions to God's being and providence became distasteful to the English parliament. They were voted ill-bred and superstitious; they were the subjects of ridicule as overmuch righteousness. Men were ashamed any longer to say family prayers, or to invoke the blessing of God upon their partaking of His gifts; the food which He had alone provided. The mention of His name was tabooed in polite circles.

All this makes things difficult for the student of the age. A possible explanation is that while Evangelical, and then Tractarian, beliefs made the upper class more Christian than in Georgian times, scepticism had begun to percolate into the middle class.

Miss Ward aptly quotes R. H. Hutton's comment that the Tractarians lived "more like a colony of immigrants than like a band of patriots who were reviving the old glories of their native land"; and she adds that "they were living in an unreal world in which they were carrying all England with them on a tide of returning Catholicism." Contemporaries of Macaulay, Mill, Disraeli, Mérimée and Sainte-Beuve, they lived in the company of Cyril of Alexandria and Chrysostom and Cyprian. (Newman wanted his nephew and godson christened Athanasius, but the parents were so perverse as to prefer Herbert). The first Tract assumed not only that the Bishops were likely to be martyrs but that they welcomed this prospect. Even among the dreaming spires of Oxford they could hardly—one would have supposed—escape some closer glimpse of actuality: they had only to dine at any High Table save that of Oriel to meet a conglomeration of clergymen, plumpy with venison, rubicund with port, and blissfully unaware that they had been granted the staggering power of remitting sins and of turning bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ.

The point is that the Tractarians in order to defend the Church had to transform it so radically as to make it worth defending. If they had not lived "in an unreal world," they could hardly have essayed so seemingly impossible a task. And transform the Church they did to an astonishing degree, although the one man of genius among them had been compelled by his conscience to become their antagonist. The bishops who condemned the Tracts, could they attend divine worship in their cathedrals to-day, would rub their eyes with vexed bewilderment.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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THE DEFECTS OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

Some Thoughts on University Education. By SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE. *National Book League, and Cambridge University Press.* 2s. 6d.

There is a nobility in Sir Richard Livingstone's writings which commands respect even when it does not compel agreement. In my own case the agreement is yielded so readily that I shall devote most of this review to a summary of his arguments, confining myself to two points of comment.

What, he asks in the first place, are the objects of higher education? Two are propounded; first, to give men a knowledge of and a value for truth; secondly, in Newman's phrase, to train men to be "good members of society." It is with the second that Sir Richard's essay—originally delivered as a lecture to the National Book League—is chiefly concerned. Its achievement, Sir Richard contends, demands a philosophy of life that is to say "a definite view of the ends to which" [life] "should be directed and the principles by which it should be ruled."

Such a philosophy it should be the conscious purpose of university training to provide. Does it do so? The answer must be that on the whole it does not. Sir Richard notes that university education has never been planned as a whole. Like nineteenth-century industry it grew up haphazard and *laissez-faire* reigned and reigns supreme. The various studies and departments fight among themselves for the lion's share of the student's available time and attention, with the result "that while the parts may flourish, the sense of the whole is lost."

The root evil is, of course, specialisation, which encourages centrifugal tendencies. As the circumference of the circle of knowledge extends, he who would reach the perimeter at any given point must travel ever further from the centre. Thus the universities fail to provide the student with a perspective of life within which he may distinguish the permanent from the ephemeral and assess the relative importance of things. What a paradox is this, says Sir Richard, that a rationalist age such as is our own, which invokes reason for the understanding and control of nature "should not feel the need of a reasoned philosophy of life."

For a hint of a remedy we are bidden, rather surprisingly, to look to the Americans. Their standard of university education is admittedly lower, but in America some at least are beginning to realise the need for an overall plan for university study, as witness the recent Harvard proposal for a course in the great texts of literature, whose aim is stated to be, "Familiarity with as much of the greatest writings as can be read and pondered in the limited time available." But while he commends literature studied with this deliberate purpose, Sir Richard's demand is satisfied by nothing less than religion and philosophy, since they alone are concerned with the two over-riding questions, what are "the meaning and ultimate nature of the Universe" and "how, in the light of the view we form, we should live." Hence all are encouraged to read philosophy in general and the *Republic* in particular and learn what the great problems of life are. Summarised in a sentence, Sir Richard's claim is "that no one should pass through the highest stages of education without considering the greatest problems of all, and taking at any rate some steps towards acquiring the most important of all knowledge."

My first comment relates to science to which Sir Richard assigns a comparatively insignificant place. He singles it out from among other studies as constituting a particularly vicious example of specialisation and affording but a poor preparation for life—"to deal exclusively with atoms, elements and cells is a bad preparation for dealing with or understanding human beings or human problems." He notices that it has increased and is increasing and implies that it ought to be diminished. It may be his anxiety to redress the over-emphasis on science so common to-day which has led Sir Richard, in my view, to belittle its claims overmuch. Science, after all, has formed the climate of our time and to know something of its history and nature is part of the equipment of every civilised man. To the course in great texts, one might, then, suggest, as a suitable addition, a course in the general history of science, whose object would be to impart a knowledge of the views which at different times men have held about nature and about the manner of its working. There are two current misconceptions about science which require correction. First, it is not true that science is specialised in some sense in which the study of Anglo-Saxon literature and language, or of Greek accents and irregular verbs, is not specialised. Secondly, it is not the scientists who are responsible for society's misuse of their work so much as the humanists, since the persons responsible for the purposes which the powers won by science are used to further (and, in particular, whether they are used to make men more happy or more miserable) are primarily politicians, and most politicians at any rate in Western European countries have been drawn from the governing classes, that is to say, from the classes which have chiefly been educated in the humanities. I am not suggesting that Sir Richard shares these misconceptions; he sometimes writes as though he were unaware of them.

My second comment arises from an objection to his proposals that Sir Richard supposes to be brought by a university teacher of philosophy, namely, that it is unfair to ask philosophers to lecture on an elementary level. Sir Richard answers by pointing out that they do so in Scottish universities and that "nobody is the worse for having to express himself so that the ordinary people can understand him." There is, surely, another answer; it is that philosophers have a responsibility, especially at times like the present, when traditional religious beliefs and the standards and principles that they imply have been largely abandoned, to interpret the teachings of philosophy for the benefit of the many in the hope that some, at least, may derive therefrom principles to live by and purposes to live for. Few of those who are fond of quoting the tag from Plato about philosophers being kings have paused to notice how the passage continues; "unless the numerous natures who at present pursue either politics or philosophy, the one to the exclusion of the other, be forcibly debarred from this behaviour, there will be no respite from evil, my dear Glaucon, for cities, nor, I fancy, for humanity." If philosophers abjure this function of instructing the masses, as most do to-day, they are by their default handing over the job "to people who," in Professor Collingwood's words, "were not thinkers (but fools), to processes that were not thinking (but passion), to aims that were not ideals (but caprices), and to rules that were not principles (but rules of expediency)." Sir Richard quotes Professor Collingwood with approval, nor would he, I imagine, demur to his implied strictures on the comparative failure of philosophers to interest themselves in, let alone to influence, the processes of popular thought.

I cannot resist the temptation to conclude this review by asking Sir Richard to reflect upon the facts that only one Englishman in a thousand goes to a university at all—this is the lowest proportional figure for any English-speaking country—and that more than three million adults in England and Wales can scarcely read or write. The proportion of illiterates is apparently rising. One wonders whether there is much point in Sir Richard addressing his admonitions to a people who care so little about education as the English.

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DETECTION

Love Lies Bleeding. By EDMUND CRISPIN. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

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The Queen's Awards. Edited by ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror, 2nd Series. Edited by DOROTHY L. SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

With *Love Lies Bleeding* Edmund Crispin establishes himself as our leading exponent of "Third Programme" detection: he is not ashamed to address his readers on the assumption that they are his equals in education and intelligence. Miss Dorothy L. Sayers and Michael Innes have already passed that way, but where are they now? Miss Sayers has long been an extinct volcano in detection, and Michael Innes prefers to put on a sophisticated turn in Saturday Night Music Hall. Nicholas Blake, for all his brilliant qualifications, never quite succeeds in doffing the academic gown and mortar-board before lecturing the class. But Edmund Crispin is mercifully free from condescension. The scene in *Love Lies Bleeding* is a boys' public school in the Midlands, where on the eve of Speech Day murder takes toll of the Masters' Common Room. The plot relies for mystification on purely logical counterpoint, with red herrings rigorously excluded. The characters carry a certain conviction; the style is light and amusing; and Professor Fen's interludes with a comic bloodhound add even a spice of farce. There is one flaw, however, in the motive: the murderer would never have been able to derive any benefit from his crimes without revealing his identity.

If identical twins make a good joke as well as a good plot, then identical triplets should be half as funny again. So runs the arithmetical reasoning in *A Night of Errors*, where Michael Innes goes one better than Shakespeare. With three indistinguishable Dromios let loose to go murdering each other, the reader may well feel he would prefer his chance with the three card trick to guessing the winner. "A rose is a rose is a rose" murmurs Appleby cheerfully by way of encouragement. But Gertrude Stein might modify her statement, if forced to chase her tail through two hundred pages. *A Night of Errors* is a huge joke—at the reader's expense.

On the Home Service wave-length, in *Too Many Women* Nero Wolfe is commissioned by a New York firm to investigate the suspected murder of one of their staff. While Nero gloats at home over his orchids in what is becoming suspiciously like a trance, Archie Goodwin is despatched to do the leg work round the firm's palatial offices. As the survivors of the staff prove to be mostly uninhibited females, Archie's task soon degenerates into arm work. Still, beyond another murder, there is no progress whatever until Nero, out of pity for his author, invites someone round to make a clean breast of the solution.

The Secret of Superintendent Manning was that

he had punched a man on the chin for making love to his daughter. This manly action would have been of no consequence, had not a murderer intervened and carefully drowned the philanderer before he recovered consciousness. Mr. Cobb solves the crime in a competent, but perfunctory, manner; for the main object of his book is to rouse our sympathy for the Superintendent, torn between his duty as a policeman and his feelings as a father.

Mr. Punshon is another author who enjoys being distracted from the hard road of detection up sentimental side-alleys. The heroine of *Music Tells All* plays the piano with a wild intensity that startles Bobby Owen out of his wits and provides an excuse for the misleading title: for her music tells nothing at all except that murder is brewing in the neighbourhood. The ramifications of the plot are up to the author's high standard in tortuous affairs, but the obvious solution comes as a bitter anti-climax. Mr. Punshon is so intoxicated by his passionate pianist that he forgets we are all stone-deaf but *not* stone-blind.

The Voice of the Corpse is readable, and not very serious. The murder of a village blackmailer is a simple question of alibis; yet Mr. Murray uses it to badger the local gentry for their life-histories. The dialogue is light and amusing but the detection quite negligible. No matter: for by now we have reached the Light Programme. *Go Down Death* has a spiritual implication; and sure enough, here is crime in the deep South. Miss Hays slaps on the local colour with a lavish hand: bottling tomatoes, Negro small-talk, threadbare Aubusson carpets. Hardly the place for murder, you'd think. But who is this sinister creature lurking in the background without a shred of excuse? Good heavens, the villain in disguise!

Dr. Sam Johnson, Detector is elaborate literary pastiche. Miss De La Torre, thinly disguised as Boswell, records nine fictitious instances of Dr. Johnson's acumen in solving crime. This lighthearted impersonation is amusing at first glance; but inevitably, once the joke is appreciated, the long-drawn-out fun begins to flag. As for the feats of detection, in spite of flashes of ingenuity, all too often they represent Dr. Johnson as a prototype of Sherlock Holmes. "Elementary, my dear Bozzy!"

The Queen's Awards is a bulky volume of detective short stories that were awarded prizes by Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine in 1946. The level of performance is high, as one might expect; yet not a single item is outstanding. Competitive writing seems to cramp the style, even of such distinguished prizewinners as Q. Patrick, Philip Macdonald, Ngaio Marsh, Michael Innes and William Faulkner. As a compendium of crimes I prefer the *Great Short Stories of Detection* edited by Miss Dorothy L. Sayers. The only fault in this gigantic volume of 1,152 pages is its weight: it is impossible to read in bed, which is just where you want it.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A SHOOTING STAR.

John Martin 1789-1854: His Life and Works. By THOMAS BALSTON. *Duckworth.* 25s.

John Martin's life is a success story: the boy with no particular opportunities, one of a huge family in Yorkshire, came to town and shrewdly used his native talent and charm until he was lionised by the *beau monde* and could support in some luxury a wife, six children, an adopted son and three brothers. His career reached its summit between 1820 and 1830, a period when society demanded idols in all the professions. Art-lovers, both here and in France, picked out certain painters, now largely forgotten, and hurled upon them their raptures or their scorn. This continued throughout the nineteenth century, expiring in waves of disillusion and scepticism only when the Impressionists were at last reluctantly recognised. It exposed painters to storms of success and disaster which only exceptional characters could survive; it created a climate inimical to real painting; and worldly ambition with its rewards was madly assumed to be proper in the artist as in everybody else.

A mild gift for painting, not surpassing the average competence of the English water-colour school, was the accident that made art Martin's principal business. His talents were those of an inventor, an architect and an engineer. To-day we should have called him a useful decorator and craftsman. But, like a film actor who makes a hit as the strong man and is doomed to repeat the part for ever, John Martin was caught in the rôle of a landscape visionary. It was not his line, but it made his fortune. No dream begot the visions, as in Blake and Palmer: no searching eye revealed the substance of nature, as in Constable and Turner. The furore raised by his series of huge landscapes must have resembled the periodical hullabaloos about Epstein in Leicester Square, except that less indignation was aroused. Wonder, amazement and admiration sustained the public raptures.

At the height of these successes Martin took to engraving, while continuing to produce occasional smash-hits in oil such as *The Deluge* and *The Fall of Nineveh*. Mr. Balston, who throughout combines enthusiasm with level-headedness, writes:

> Perhaps he recognised that some of the adverse criticisms were not unfounded. He was not a great painter in the narrowest sense: he did not "handle paint as if he loved it." But he was the creator of original designs of almost unexampled breadth and vigour: and it was clearly his designs, more than his colouring or brushwork, which had thrilled the connoisseurs and the public, and these could be rendered as well, if not better, in monochrome.

Hitherto the small number of good impressions yielded by the copper plate had been a handicap to mezzotint engravers, and at this very moment steel and various alloys were being tried. Martin's passion for invention was kindled, so that his long series of engravings, with their many experiments, mark several steps forward in the technique of the art. The new occupation proved most lucrative. Not long after the London showing of his sensational canvases the artist would be advertising the engravings from them, printed at his private press. Subscriptions poured in. How well the world suited Martin and Martin the world! The engraved illustrations to the Bible and to *Paradise Lost* remain his finest achievement and are especially unforgettable to those who knew them in childhood.

Mr. Balston has cleverly contrived in 260 pages to give a lively picture of Martin's career, as well as a definitive record of his work. This painstaking scholarship may indeed be thought to be more than the subject deserves. The author does not however speculate on the reason for the revival of interest in Martin's pictorial work, when its artistic value is so slight. Integrity is usually the virtue that relights the lamp of an artist's reputation. This, for example, was the case with Blake, Palmer and Cotman, all of whom have been resuscitated in our time. Martin's pictures, on the other hand, are artificiality itself, monstrous stage sets spotlit and dressed with shallow pretensions to tragic feeling. At first sight we are captivated, as were his contemporaries, by the immensity of the spectacle unfolded in so small a space; the romantic flavour is in tune with modern taste. But there is something more in his work than this—not much, but something. It is due to his being an engineer-architect, wise

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in dynamics and in matters of stresses and strains. Perhaps his imaginings are childish fancy and his perspectives mere draughtsman's tricks, but our post-Cézannian eyes move contentedly inside the frame, comfortably tracing the paths through the exploding mountains, easily leaping across the plains to the pasteboard domes.

EARDLEY KNOLLYS

CYPRUS

A History of Cyprus. Vols. II and III. By Sir GEORGE HILL. *Cambridge U.P.* £5 5s.

The first volume of Sir George Hill's *History of Cyprus* took us from pre-history to conquest by Cœur de Lion in 1192. The thousand pages of volumes II and III leave us in 1571 for a 300 years' coma under the Ottoman hoof. It seems impertinent to praise the breadth, detail, consistency and variety of this definitive presentment; with its twenty-seven closely printed pages of index, and its thirty-five of documentation by books referred to in the text: the whole in a splendour honourable even to the Cambridge University Press.

True to her early-dynastic, classical and Byzantine tradition, Cyprus is seen as a clearing-house of Near Eastern arts, crafts and Powers; dominated in turn by all, influencing none, yet never giving up her distinct Cypriot individuality. King Richard sold Cyprus to the Templars, poor purchasers and worse landlords, who passed her on to Guy de Lusignan, titular King of Jerusalem, for the 40,000 besants (out of 100,000—£320,000—owing) they themselves had paid. The Lusignan Dynasty reigned until James II (The Bastard, married to Caterina Cornaro) died but a few months before his infant son, James III. Caterina retired with her Court to Asolo—her *Palazzo Corner* on the Grand Canal is now a pawnshop—and the Island passed to the Republic of Venice. Finally it fell, after near a century of intrigue, exploitation and neglect, in the seige of Famagusta, sublimely prolonged by the heroic Bragadino, before the onslaught of the treacherous and sadistic Lala Mustafa Pasha. Bragadino was flayed alive and his stuffed skin was flaunted from a yard-arm round the Mediterranean.

The Kingship of Jerusalem had proved a liability rather than an asset to the Lusignans, gratuitously involving them in unprofitable foreign commitments, so that the capitulation of Christian Acre was immediately advantageous in directing to Famagusta the trade of that entrepôt of the Syrian hinterland; with the result that the Kingdom attained the most prosperous and brilliant epoch in the long history of the Island—achieved (it may be noted) under the feudal system "by common consent most perfectly exemplified in the Kingdoms of Jerusalem and Cyprus, being favoured by the Barons against the absolutism beginning elsewhere." But this accumulated wealth, squandered largely in fiefs and like pomp and circumstance, was progressively eroded by raids from rival Powers, such as Genoa and Mamtuk Egypt; both ruthlessly destructive, both exacting heavy tributes which so weakened the defences of Cyprus that after the fall of Constantinople nothing short of effective naval alliances could have preserved her. That fateful writing on the Eastern wall was read, but not marked: no Marshall Plan here. Instead, the short-sighted selfishness of Venetian diplomacy, though cunning past man's thought, served but to disrupt Western Christianity. The Italian and Spanish galleys that might have saved Cyprus in her agony were always on their way there—or back to collect more galleys, but never in time or place to intercept Ottoman fleets. After miniature anticipations of 1914 and 1939 Cyprus, with the Mediterranean and the Near East, disappeared off the map of civilisation.

Sir George has to admit that "Literature as an art pursued for its own sake produced in Cyprus at all times but a scanty harvest." The best Greek Chronicles—Machaeras and Bustron—are associated and assimilated with the Frankish ruling class; while popular poetry of the ballad-broadsheet type, is written in dreary fifteen syllabled "political" verses, tolerable only under the ribald handling of Aristophanes. These bards, with a characteristic *échange de politesses*, entirely ignore the presence of their masters—in whose writing "the Greek-Cypriot populace seems not to exist."

A comprehensive note is added on the portraits of Catherine Cornaro; the one in the National Gallery by Titian out of Giorgione, bouncing with vitamins and good humour, would seem to compare agreeably with the more authentic heavy-lidded Queen by Gentile Bellini in Budapest—despite the "slightly animal expression which Titian's rendering of eyes imparts to all his women." (Up to the date of the Holford Sale Cyprus possessed no portrait of her most famous Lady. Hearing that one from the studio of Bellini would be offered, I wrote from Nicosia requesting Lord Duveen to present it; and received immediately a cable from New York: "Picture cleaned on way to Cyprus Joe"—an honourable example of his imperial munificence.)

These pages fairly glitter with unusual and long-forgotten V.I.P.s; Turcopoliers, the Prince of Galilee, the Old Lord of Beirut, the Grand Karaman and Simon le Rat; to a French reader they must be almost an *Almanach de Gotha*. But behind the rattle and flash of this kaleidoscopic dynasty

> there was brooding all the time an oppressed and poverty-stricken people . . . there is not one word from which one might infer that the historian Ibelin saw in the Cypriots anything but instruments of labour.

Among what Arabs term *nawádir*, or rarities, in this wonderful History may be found "hostages who proved to be convicts condemned to death, dressed up as Emirs," a pleasing Mamtuk device; a duel "in which Barlais used a horse trained to defend his rider if dismounted"—our dumb friend indeed. A traitor is catapulted by a siege-engine (*trébuchet*) against his own castle wall; the jealous Queen Helena, rushing into Court, bites off the nose of her rival Marietta—who "came to be known as *Comomutene*—crop-nosed." The note on this word: "from κόπτω and μύτη (nose), see Hackett, p. 158, n. I (Papaionnon, I, p. 208, n. 48)," exemplifies the punctilious Cambridge scholarship informing the whole work.

What did Cyprus contribute to the world between 1192 and 1571? The interesting experiment of feudal rule, based on the *Assizes of Jerusalem;* some noble French Gothic castles inaccessibly and romantically poised upon improbable mountain crags, with some exquisite little Byzantine churches; records, rather than classical or European History with evolution—the wayward and inconclusive chronology of the *Thousand Nights and One Night*. Perhaps the one universal significance surviving from these two great volumes is, that the Lieutenant for the Signiory holding the Ottomite at bay between 1505 and 1507 was "a certain Cristoforo Moro," transmuted and eternized a hundred years later as The Moor.

RONALD STORRS.

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to solve such perpetual opera-house puzzles that both these volumes have been written. In price, dimensions, readability, enthusiasm and generous use of music-type there is little or nothing to choose between them; the principal difference lies in the scale of treatment and the amount of ground covered. Mr. and Mrs. Spike Hughes describe fifteen operas, devoting some twenty or thirty pages to each; Mr. Stephen Williams, in a shorter volume, encompasses no fewer than fifty-seven. Consequently the man who wants a "complete opera book" *in parvo* will choose the latter, which contains almost all the operas he is likely to hear in England over a long period. But a price has to be paid for such ruthless compression; and in the case of Mozart, the price is too heavy. *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* in three or four pages, musical quotations and all, is a hopeless proposition: sometimes the bare bones of the plot have to be sacrificed. Thus we skate through Act I of *Figaro* without any mention of Bartolo, Marcellina or Basilio—or of the concealment of Cherubino in the arm-chair and his subsequent discovery. In Act I of *Don Giovanni* we skip straight from "La ci darem" to the Don's "Champagne Song," thus calmly ignoring some twenty minutes of complicated action and magnificent music—the return of Elvira, her protection of Zerlina, the arrival of Anna and Ottavio, the Quartet, Anna's sudden realisation of the Don's identity and her tremendous narrative and demand for vengeance (not to mention Ottavio's "Dalla sua pace," normally inserted at this point). Imagine the poor novice, sitting through an Italian performance at Edinburgh or the Cambridge Theatre, trying to make sense of all this and perhaps to explain what's going on to a contemptuous aunt in the next seat. If Mr. Williams's publishers insisted on such treatment, he ought to have told them roundly that they were blockheads. For some reason, Mozart is the principal sufferer; such complicated plots as *The Mastersingers* or *Rosenkavalier* receive quite clear and careful handling. The comments are admirable; evocative to those who know the music, enticing to those who don't.

Mozart, as it happens, is also rather poorly treated in the Spike Hughes volume, which deals capitally with *Figaro*—but ignores the rest. Apart from *Figaro*, *Faust* and *Carmen*, the authors confine themselves entirely to the popular Italian repertory; this makes quite a reasonable beginning (further volumes are hinted at), but it's going rather far to describe as "the main stream of opera" a selection which omits the Germans *en bloc*. Mr. Hughes is an experienced musician, and the comfortable space he has allowed himself enables him to add a selective list of gramophone records after each opera, and to indulge in a great many fascinating asides, semi-professional and yet perfectly easy for the intelligent amateur to grasp, about such things as orchestration and the treatment of the voice—a subject which he understands better than most Englishmen, perhaps because he isn't English! It must be added that he often adopts a deliberately jaunty and slangy style which will probably vex more readers than it attracts.

With reservations, then, both these books can be recommended; but when are we to have the three long-promised sequels to the best of all such guides—Ernest Newman's *Opera Nights*?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

PAST TENSE

Munich. By J. W. WHEELER-BENNETT. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

Until the British documents are published, it is unlikely that much new material on the Munich crisis will be added to that collected by Professor Namier in his *Diplomatic Prelude*. But the story is a "natural" and new facets are revealed in each re-telling. *Munich* will be read with pleasure by many who were put off by Professor Namier's historical punditry. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett belongs to that rare species, the amateur contemporary historian. He reads and writes not because he must, but because he enjoys the contemplation of politics and the company of politicians. His special hobby is to enliven documentary research by acquaintance with living historical personages. His *Forgotten Treaty* was notable because it was largely based on conversations with the Germans and Russians who faced each other at Brest-Litovsk—including Trotsky; and his *Wooden Titan* formally a biography of Hindenburg, was in fact a view of recent German history through the eyes of Dr. Bruening.

His study of Munich has a similar but much slighter value. During the war Mr. Wheeler-Bennett worked under Lord Halifax in Washington, and even the casual reader will observe how sympathetically Neville Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary is treated. We see the crisis partly from his desk in the Foreign Office and partly from the back benches of the House of Commons, occupied by the young Tory supporters of Mr. Churchill. This produces a curiously blended colour scheme in which Churchillian toughness merges imperceptibly into the casuistry o moderate appeasement. Blame is allotted wherever possible to what Mr. Wheeler-Bennett quaintly describes as "the Marxian Socialism" of the Labour Party. If he had sacrificed even a few hours of his chats with Lord Halifax and Brendan Bracken to have a talk with Mr. Attlee or Mr. Bevin, his picture of the British political scene in 1938 would have been better composed and achieved a finer balance.

Though he has made some study of the documents put forward at Nuremberg, Mr. Wheeler-Bennett did not take the opportunity to discuss the Munich crisis either with the German generals or with diplomats like Weizsäker. The important issues of the Generals' Plot and of the extent of the opposition inside the German Civil Service are only mentioned in footnotes. Yet this is the side of Munich on which research can now most profitably be done. What we need is a political study corresponding to Liddell Hart's *The Other Side of the Hill*, in which the war is seen through the eyes of Runstedt and other Generals. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett is ideally suited to this task.

Munich, however, contains nothing of this sort. The story is told strictly from the point of view of a British Tory susceptible both to the gravity of Mr. Churchill and the subtleties of Lord Halifax. In his conclusion Mr. Wheeler-Bennett writes:

> the salient point of the story of Munich is not so much its immediate importance as its significance as an analysis of a case history in the disease of political myopia which afflicted leaders and the peoples of the world in the years between the Wars.

But what caused this myopia? Why did Dr. Benes lose his nerve and refuse to fight? Why was Chamberlain able to deceive himself? All this Mr. Wheeler-Bennett hardly discusses. He fails to appreciate the part which ideology played and, even more important, the change in the status of France and Britain as world powers which was the objective basis of their betrayal of the Czechs. So he still looks forward to Munich from the 'thirties instead of backward from the 'forties, and reflects not *on* the past but *in* the past.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Readers are advised to place a definite order with their newsagent or to obtain a postal subscription from the Publisher. Full particulars are given on *page* 482.

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Year-Book of the United Nations, 1946-47.
H.M. Stationery Office. £2 10s.

Here in 991 official pages is the melancholy story of the United Nations, issued from its home inappropriately named Lake Success, and covering the period from the first meeting of the Assembly in January, 1946, to the end of 1947. The work of compilation and presentation has been done very well, though the book would have been much easier to handle and use if it had been published in two volumes half the size of this immense and weighty tome. For anyone who wishes seriously to study the abortion of international government in the history of Uno the summary of its work and proceedings given in this volume is invaluable. Part I deals with Uno itself and Part II with the Specialised Agencies. The first section of Part I is pre-natal. The six other sections in this Part deal respectively with the Assembly, the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, the International Court of Justice, and the Secretariat. In each case a fairly full report of proceedings and the text of all relevant documents are given. The eleven Specialised Agencies are treated in the same way. Part III consists of appendices, the last two being a bibliography and a Who's Who.

Week-end Competitions

No. 956

Set by Hubert Griffiths.

The usual prizes are offered for an original definition, as succinct as possible, laudatory or derisory, of the term Bohemian either in prose or verse (limit 150 words of prose or 8 lines of verse). Entries by June 22nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 953

Set by Sycorax

The usual prizes are offered for fourteen lines from the soliloquy which the statue of Shakespeare in Leicester Square may be imagined to be delivering as he turns his eye to the Odeon theatre where the film version of *Hamlet* is showing. The line "O this offence is Rank, it smells to Heaven" is barred.

Report by Sycorax

This contest has produced a great feast of quotations, and not a few lines, which, though counterfeit, have the ring of the true Shakespearean coin.

Purists and progressives entered the lists in force; the former hammered the whole cinematic box of tricks, the groundlings and the "odious knight"; the latter, outnumbered by two to one, trounced the pedants; while two staunch Baconians made the Statue their hobby-horse.

("This *Hamlet*—why the very name proclaims him Bacon's child." JOYCE JOHNSON).

The number, variety and excellence of the Soliloquies, made reading a pleasant, and judging a baffling task. The first prize of Three Guineas goes to Sharpless, the second of Two Guineas to "Fergie", for the best original compositions; and the third of One Guinea to Kitchin for the most flawlessly matched string of pearls. I rate these a first among their peers; not head and shoulders above the rest but only by the height of their *panache*.

Highly commended are "Lakon," Rosemary Horne, "Fag," A. Westlake, W. J. Taylor-Whitehead, H. J. R., Kay Knutsen, Marion B. Alford, D. S. White, Stanley Nesham, T. J. Bowen, H.A.C. Evans, Charles G. Bolte, Evelyn Attock, "Pelf," "Noel Scott," Terence Melican, G. J. Blundel, Hassall Pitman for a fine meditative sonnet, and Lionel Millard for a bravura piece in prose.

Special praise is due to the following:

Sweet be my discontent thus should befall,
Olivier writ large and Will Shakespeare writ small.
CHRISTINE GREENFIELD

Poor Will is conquered; brevity has won,
Olivier's made, but Hamlet is undone. P. P. W.

So thinks Will's ghost who from the shades doth thank
Rank's knight who merits knighthood's honoured rank. D. R. PEDDY

The play's the thing and I'll have none of this;
For as I stand, this film that shows so fine,
Is little more of his and less than mine.
KAY KNUTSEN

But this, 'tis said is by some Rank ennobled,
Though he be of Denham, not of Denmark
Yet he's a prince. What's more, they say he dyes.
Then let him die indeed! LAKON

By me or not by me; that is the question.
H. A. C. EVANS

O, that this too, too solid film would melt.
F. N. HOLMES

O, what a noble plot is here o'erthrown!
KENNETH G. FRY

Fie on't! I'll have the Bristol Old Vic Players
Play something like the filming of my play
Before Sir Laurence; . . . the play's in sight
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the knight.
JOHN DAY

Oh! That this too, too solid stone would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into cement!
Or that the Board of Censors had but fixt
Their canon 'gainst Olivier! O God! God!
J. TAYLOR-WHITEHEAD

PRIZES

How now, my sweet Lord Hamlet, Prince of Denham,
Did thy prophetic soul envisage this?
Why are thy words so strange, thy locks so white?
Alas, poor Dane, 'tis said that thou hast suffered
Death by a thousand cuts. Most horrible!
There is a film before my wond'ring eyes
That plays fantastic tricks with all I see;
Those gloomy halls, vertig'nous battlements,
Say, 'tis some nightmare; Elsinore-nor'-west.
I, in my wooden O, showed thee i' the round;
Now O to tow'ring Odeon has grown
'Tis O! indeed—for, screen-bound, thou art flat.
Yet, though the scenes are chopped, the speeches clipped,
Be this my epitaph: *He wrote the script* . . . .
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Why, Larry, thou art he, thou art all three,
The lunatic, the lover and the poet!
There's fortune in it, played as thou hast played—
Mark me, young Larry, there's no woman breathes
Who can resist well-favoured homicide,
And thou art beautiful, and murderous mad,
With lover's hair and eyes, and lover's limbs;
Maidens, and less than maidens, sigh for thee,
And die in thousands with Ophelia:
How round thou ravest! Almost it doth seem
I hear again Kit Marlowe in his youth.
Garrick is jealous, on his plaque near by,
And Irving stands in stone and envies thee
Thy legs, thy ladies, and thy lunacy. FERGIE

STATUE:
A horse, a horse! My Kingdom for a horse!
This is my Picture, I do feel't and see't.
Why should a dog, a rat, have life
And I no breath at all?
The cry is still, "They come."
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day.
Every unworthy thing may look on it,
But I may not.
(*Later after a private showing, under the auspices of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments*).

STATUE:
Never, never, never, never, never!
Give me my Principal and let me go.
I am almost ashamed to think what I have done.
Look out again, I dare not.
Yet, when mine eyelid see Olivier first . . .
L. KITCHIN

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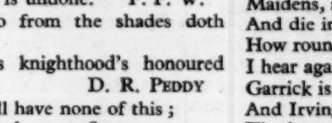

The Novelist as Thinker

EDITED BY B. RAJAN

The fourth symposium in the *Focus* series consists of essays by distinguished critics on the work of six contemporary writers—Aldous Huxley, Evelyn Waugh, Christopher Isherwood, L. H. Myers, François Mauriac, and Jean-Paul Sartre. No rigid pattern was imposed on the contributors, but collectively the essays reveal a significant ethical trend in contemporary criticism, distinguishing it from the æsthetic and sociological emphasis of the inter-war years.

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

NATAL University College. Applics. invited for Chair of Philosophy in Pietermaritzburg. Sal. will be on scale £850×£30—£1,180×£20—£1,200, plus cost of living allowance. Initial sal. will be determined in accordance with the qualifics. and exp. of the successful applicant. Appointment will be in the first place for a probationary period of 2 yrs. Membership of the University Teachers' Provident Fund is compulsory. Successful applicant will be expected to take up his duties in Feb., 1949. Further partics. and information as to method of applic. from Secretary, Universities Bureau of British Empire, 8 Park St. W.1. The closing date for the receipt of applics. is June 20, 1948.

BRITISH Electricity Authority. Applics. invited for following vacancies in Public Relations Dept. of the British Electricity Authority: 1. Publications Editor. Desirable qualifics. include science degree or other technical qualific., knowledge of electricity supply industry, editorial exp. in technical journalism, practical knowledge of modern typography and design of publicity material. Salary range £800 to £1,000 according to qualifics. Superann. scheme. 2. Editorial Assistant. Desirable qualifics. include technical knowledge, exp. in or connected with electricity supply, ability to write in clear, simple English about technical subjects for publicity, educ. and other purposes. Salary range £650 to £750 according to qualifics. Superann. scheme. 3. Woman to take charge of Information Section. Desirable qualifics. include economics degree or comparable qualific.; ability to write clear, simple English; exp. of administration and of information work, incl. collection, classification and indexing of material, and preparation of information papers and abstracts. Salary range £550 to £650 according to qualifics. Superann. scheme. Applics., with samples of work, to Director of Establishments, British Electricity House, Great Portland St. London, W.1, by June 21.

COUNTY Borough of Rotherham Education Committee. Appointment of Educational Psychologist. Applics. invited from men and women for the full-time post of Educational Psychologist for duties in connection with the Child Guidance Clinic, the selection of children for secondary education, special schools and classes, and handicapped children. Candidates should possess a Degree of Psychology and have had appropriate training in educational psychology followed by varied exp. Sal. in accordance with the Scales for Inspectors, Organisers and Advisory Officers, Grade II, i.e. £650 to £850 by annual increments of £25 for men and £585 to £680 by annual increments of £20 for women. Person appointed will be subject to the Local Govt. or Teachers' Superannuation Acts and to a satisfactory medical exam. Applic. by letter (no forms issued) to R. Bloomer, Director of Education, Education Offices, Rotherham, by June 26.

THE Scottish Cttee. of the Council of Industrial Design invite applics. for following Appointments to their Glasgow Headquarters. In each case, applic. in writing, giving details of age, educ., qualifics. and posts held, to be sent to Establishment Officer, Scottish Cttee., Council of Industrial Design, 95 Bothwell St. Glasgow, C.2. Press & Publicity Officer: Essential qualifics. are familiarity with the Scottish Press; a knowl. of typography, lay-out and publicity media. Knowl. of the Council's work and a visual appreciation of design will be added qualifics. Sal. on a scale rising to £650; starting sal. according to age and qualifics. Craft & Home Industries Officer: Essential qualifics. are a personal knowl. of craft processes and their applic. to modern industry; a study of design; intimate knowl. of Scottish life and customs in Lowland, Highland and Islands. Some knowl. of Scottish industry desirable. Sal. on a scale rising to £750; starting sal. according to age and qualifics. Exhibitions Officer: Essential qualifics. are knowl. of architectural and display design and draughtsmanship; exp. in contracting and costing. Knowl. of films, and of exhibition work abroad, added qualifics. Sal. on a scale rising to £650; starting sal. according to age and qualifics. Education & Training Officer: Essential qualifics. are a general knowl. of art teaching throughout the educational system, and special knowl. of the needs of industry in relation to design; administrative ability, and exp. in public speaking added qualifics. Sal. on a scale rising to £650; starting sal. accdg. to age & qualifics.

UNIVERSITY of London has vacancy for Senior Clerk, pref. graduate, in a section of Extra-Mural Department organising courses on international affairs. Office exp. and typing essential, shorthand an asset. Sal. £360–£15–£450, with family allowances. Applic. forms, obtainable from Sec. to the Senate, Senate House, London, W.C.1, should be completed and returned by June 26.

FAMILY Service Units, Liverpool, London, Manchester, req. resident family case-workers, men or women over 23 yrs., for intensive work with Problem Families. Sal. scale £220–£25–£320 plus residence according to qualifics., exp. and age. Apply Secretary, F.S.U., 85 Clarendon Rd. W.11.

PORTSMOUTH Training College, Principal Miss D. Dymond, M.A. Applics. invited for Sept., 1948, or Jan., 1949, for Lecturer in History. Candidates must possess high qualifics. and exp. Sal. in accordance with Pelham Award for Training Colleges. Forms of applic. and further partics. from Registrar, Municipal College, Portsmouth.

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Applics. invited for following posts in Department of Economics and Commerce, appointments to which will become effective on Oct. 1, 1948, namely: (i) Lectureship in Public Economics, with special reference to nationalised industries, public utilities and central economic planning. Salary scale £550×£25×£900 a year. (ii) Two Assistant Lectureships in Economics, each at an initial salary of £400–£450 a year. Applics. should reach Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further partics. of either post may be obtained) by June 21.

CITY and County of Bristol. Applics. invited appointment as Assistant Educational Psychologist (full-time) in connection with Child Guidance Clinic and schools of the city. Sal. £495, rising by annual increments of £20 to £560 p.a. Previous exp. may be taken into consideration when determining commencing sal. Candidates should possess an Hons. or Research Degree in Psychology combined with exp. in teaching of children. Pref. given candidates who have had practical exp. of work in Clinic or of research in child psychology. Successful candidate reqd. undergo medical exam. and to contribute in accordance with appropriate Superann. Act. Applic. forms fr. Chief Educ. Officer, Council House, College Green, Bristol, 1, to be returned as soon as possible, with copies of not more than 2 testims.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Secretary in French Section, Overseas Services. Applicants must have thorough knowledge of French, good shorthand and typing, and be prepared to work at week-ends when necessary. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting Hse. W.1, marked "French Secretary, N. Stn.," within 7 days. For acknowl. enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CITY of Bradford Education Cttee. Applics. invited for post of Psychiatric Social Worker for Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold Mental Health Certificate, or other approved Certificate or Diploma. Sal. £370 p.a., rising by annual increments of £20 to £530 p.a. Appointment subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to successful candidate's passing a medical exam. Applic. forms from the Director of Education (s.a.e.), returnable as soon as possible.

SALOP County Council. Speech Therapist. Applics. invited from qualified Speech Therapists who are on the register of Medical Auxiliaries, for whole-time permanent appointment as single-handed Speech Therapist. Sal., commencing at a point appropriate to years of exp. since qualific., will be within one of the following scales: (a) Min. £350 (£375 if with more than 1 yr.'s exp. as a Speech Therapist) with four annual increments of £12 10s. to a max. of £425 p.a. (b) Officer with 5 or more yrs.' exp. as a qualified Speech Therapist; £412 10s., rising by seven annual increments of £12 10s. to £500. Travelling allowance will be paid. The officer will be on the staff of the County Medical Officer of Health and though primarily engaged for duty in the School Health Service, may be reqd. to undertake duties in other services of the Local Health Authority. The appointment is subject to the provisions of Local Government Superann. Act, 1937, & to passing of medical exam. Forms of applic. from William Taylor, County Medical Officer of Health, County Health Office, College Hill, Shrewsbury, to be returned by June 25.

WILTS Education Committee, Trowbridge High School for Boys. Part-time Art Master (1½ dys. p.w.) reqd. in Sept. Applics. (no forms) with testimonials, to be sent to the Headmaster by June 26.

WANTED, exp. Senior Master (English subjects), willing to deputise Headmistress, also exp. Junior teacher, pref. Froebel trained. Couple combining these activities most acceptable. Co-ed. Boarding School 80 miles from London. Box 353.

JEWISH Board of Guardians reqs. educated woman (Jewish), expd. in dealing with adolescent girls, to take temporary or permanent charge of a hostel in N. London for 14 young working girls. Resident domestic staff is provided. Good sal. to suitable applicant. Apply in writing: Secy., Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St. Bishopsgate, E.1.

SHERWOOD (Community-Co-educational) School, Epsom, requires Junior Teacher (some exp., also Handwork/Games), Sept. term.

WANTED in Sept., man Youth Leader for Mixed Club and Boys' work at residential Settlement, Bermondsey. Also woman Club Leader for Mixed Youth Club and Girls' work in Rotherhithe. Sal. according to exp. Applics., stating exp., with 2 testimonials and refs., to Organising Secy., Time & Talents Settlement, 187 Bermondsey St. S.E.1.

YOUTH Service, Rye Hill Youth Club, Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Leader, man or woman, over 25, wanted for mixed Youth Club to start if possible July 1. Training and/or exp. essential. Sal. for qualified leader as Burnham Scale. Applics. to Prof. of Educ., Kings College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by June 26. Further particulars obtainable from him.

BETHNAL Green. Applics. invited for post of Club Leader (man). Full range of Clubs and Play Centres. Woman Leader also employed and voluntary help available. New premises being completed now under Ministry of Education permit. Sal. £250 p.a., with good unfurn. flat above club premises. Interesting job for right man ready to tackle difficulties. Full partics. of age, qualifics., training and exp., with copies of two testimonials and names of two refs., to Warden, St. Hilda's Settlement, 3 Old Nichol St. London, E.2, by July 3.

ASST. Matron reqd. Res. (two others employed). Full partics. to Matron, Sch. for Jewish Deaf Children, 101 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12. Bat. 3833.

Appointments Vacant—continued

TWO Teachers wanted September co-ed. progressive boarding/day school, 6-8 and 8-11 groups. Individual methods, well-equipped classrooms, friendly atmosphere, happy children. Parent-teachers considered. Principal, Elmtrees, Great Missenden, Bucks.

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WARDEN or Cook-Housekeeper reqd. for Family Service Unit engaged in pioneer work with problem families. Sal. and residence. Apply F.S.U., 56 Grove St. Liverpool, 7.

ASST. Matron or Matron wanted in Sept. for co-ed. boarding school, 50-60 pupils aged 11-18. Salary from £120 p.a., accdg. to exp. Write fully, do not phone. Principal, Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset.

Appointments Wanted

ACCOUNTANT (London) will be glad to take charge of books, Returns, Income Tax, Purchase Tax, Forming of Limited Companies, Correspondence, etc. To suit customers' time and convenience. Moderate fees. Box 3045.

WOMAN grad., 22, bi-lingual German, Eng., sound French, typg., lit. interests, skx. work entailing little eye-strain. Box 3038.

OXFORD Grad. (History), 23, seeks intg. post. Anything considered. Box 3060.

COMPETENT Secretary wishes to give up job in private enterprise and work for political, educational or social organisation. Good experience. Highest refs. Box 3070.

HOUSEKEEPER, 41, gentleman/business couple., similar exp., Lond./nr. Box 3076.

Personal

WANTED for 17-year-old French boy, six months' cultured family life, Oxford or Cambridge, where at least two companions own age. Return hospitality similar family Paris offered, if required, on cash terms. Write to Mosseri, 158 Bd. Pereire, Paris 17.

LADY wishing to travel to Buenos Aires would undertake any service of responsibility in return for air passage. Highest references. Box 3057.

YOUNG Frenchman, eager to learn English, would like to give French lessons in exchange for stay in country during July and August. Write Box A.C. 28315, Samson Clarks, 57/61 Mortimer St. W.1.

AUTHOR, est. reputation, seeks part-time work; secretarial, research, collaboration; ghost writing, and original suggestions considered. Credentials exch. Box 2970.

GIRL Student, 24, will look after children of family visiting Continent for fare, etc.; free from July 12. Fluent French, German. Quiet, cultured, exp. secretary, good references. Box 2971.

PROF. man seeks 2 weeks holiday accom. August. Preferably with family party or similar, consider camp or would help organise same for few youngsters. Box 3007.

AU pair. Swiss boy, 17, wishes spend 4 weeks with English family from last week July and receive English boy about same age in home on lake Fr. Switzerland, 4 wks. from last week in Aug. Fond of games, has own yacht. Country, nr. London pref. Box 4295.

SMALL property comprising Old World shop with scullery, bedrm. and bath above, Maldon, Essex, all main services; £1,125. Possession. James Rogers & Son, Maldon, Essex.

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